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*Small*  

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*in the Circle of*  
HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

*John B. Sturges*  
HYMN I.—INVITATION.

1 COME ye sinners, poor and needy.  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and pow'r.

CHORUS.

*Turn to the Lord and seek salvation  
Sound the praise of his dear name  
Glory, honor and salvation.  
Christ the Lord is come.*

2 Now, ye needy, come and we  
God's free bounty glorify.  
True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh  
*Turn to the Lord &c.*

3 Let not conscience make you linger  
Nor of fitness fondly dream.  
All the fitness he requires,  
Is to feel your need of him.  
*Turn to the Lord, &c.*

*Ye weary, heavy-laden  
'd and mangled by the world  
till you're better*

*co-*

## HYMNS AND

On the bloody tree behold him !  
Hear him cry, before he dies.  
*Turn to the Lord, &c.*

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude ;  
*Turn to the Lord, &c.*

Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of Heaven,  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
*Turn to the Lord, &c.*

## HYMN II—PENTECOST.

OLY GOD and hast thou sent  
Me here to preach to-day,  
To kindle, my soul with fire,  
To point me out the way ;  
I draw the Gospel bow,  
Let thine arrow fly,  
That sinner feel this day,  
Christ for him did die.

We have assembled here,  
What thou would'st say  
East and from the West,  
Thou art our Lord and King.



## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

3 Sinners, Lord, are trembling now,  
Their tears are trickling down,  
Deep convictions make them bow  
While they behold thy frown ;  
O ! for justifying grace,  
O ! for thy converting power,  
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,  
A sweet refreshing shower.

4 See back-sliding Peters too,  
Who've left the narrow way,  
O my Lord, shall they be damn'd !  
Shall they be devil's prey,  
If there's mercy for their souls,  
O restore them by thy power,  
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,  
A sweet refreshing shower.

5 Here are some tho' justify'd  
Who groan with inbred sin,  
And they long to see the day,  
When they shall be made clean  
O ! for sanctifying grace,  
O for purifying power,  
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,  
A sweet refreshing shower.

6 Lord, of Heav'n and Earth,  
And feed thy Lambs to-day  
Help us in thy name to preach  
To hear, to sing and pray  
For streams of grace and  
For foods of life and  
We beg for Jesus' sake  
The living Gospel

# HYMNS AND

## HYMN III.

COME GOOD SHEPHERD FEED THY SHEEP.

**L**ET thy kingdom blessed Saviour,  
Come and bid our jarrings cease,  
Come, O come and reign forever,  
God of love and prince of peace ;  
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,  
Hear the people mourn and weep,  
Day and night thy Lambs are crying,  
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

Some for Paul, some for Apollos,  
Some for Cephas, none agree,  
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,  
Help us Lord to follow thee ;  
When we'll rush through what encumbers,  
Ev'ry hindrance over leap,  
Dismay'd by force or numbers—  
O good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

in us here is no merit,  
We ben sinners from our youth;  
us Lord, by thy good spirit,  
which shall teach us all the truth ;  
Gospel word we'll venture,  
death's cold arms we sleep ;  
Lord and Chirst our Saviour,  
Shepherd feed thy sheep.

Lord with courage arm us,  
in rages here,  
d, we know can arm us,  
shepherd is so near ;  
to Jesus,  
our hearts do lea

*Mybney*  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

He both comforts us and frees us,  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

- 5 Hear the prince of your salvation,  
Saying fear not little flock,  
I myself am your foundation,  
You are built upon this rock ;  
Shun the path of vice and folly,  
Scale the mount although it's steep,  
Look to me and be ye holy,  
I delight to feed my sheep.

- 6 Christ alone has pow'r to save us,  
Taught by him we'll own his name,  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,  
How it doth our souls inflame ;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Give him glory, he will keep,  
He will clear your way before you,  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

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HYMN IV.—THE UNION.

- 1 COME saints and sinners he  
The wonders of Emanuel  
Who sav'd me from a burning Hell,  
And brought my soul with him to d  
And gave me Heavenly Union.

- 2 When Jesus stoop'd to hear my cry,  
And saw my soul in ruin lie ;  
He look'd on me with pitying eye,  
And said to me as he pass'd by,  
With God you have no Union.

- 3 Oh God have mercy ! then said I,  
 And look'd this way and that to fly ;  
 It griev'd me sore that I must die—  
 I strove salvation then to buy,  
 But still I had no Union.
- 4 And when I hated all my sin,  
 My kind Redeemer took me in,  
 And with his blood he wash'd me clean,  
 And Oh ! what seasons I have seen  
 Since first I felt this Union.

I prais'd the Lord both night and day,  
 And went from house to house to pray,  
 And if I met one on the way,  
 I something always found to say,  
 About this Heavenly Union.

Wonder why the saints don't sing,  
 Praise the Lord upon the wing,  
 Make the Heavenly arches ring,  
 Loud hosannahs to their king,  
 Who brought their souls to Union!

O back-sliders, come away,  
 Mind to do as well as say,  
 Learn to watch as well as pray,  
 Bear your cross from day to day,  
 And then you'll feel this Union.

Soon shall leave all things below,  
 Quit these climes of pain and wo,  
 Then we'll all to glory go ;  
 There we shall see, and hear and know,  
 And feel a perfect Union.

9 Come Heav'n and Earth, unite your lays;  
And give to Jesus endless praise,  
And O ! my soul with wonder gaze,  
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,  
To give you heavenly Union.

10 Oh ! that I could like Gabriel sound,  
Salvation through the Earth around,  
The Devil's kingdom to confound,  
I'd triumph on Emanuel's ground,  
And spread this glorious Union.

HYMN V.—TUNE OF THE UNION.

1 **W**HILE angels strike their tuneful strain,  
And veil their faces with their veil,  
Each saint on earth our Jesus sings,  
And joins to praise the king of kings,  
Who saves lost souls from ruin.

2 But sinners fond of earthly toys,  
Mock and deride when saints rejoice,  
They stop their ears at Jesus' voice,  
And make the world and sin their choice,  
And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and day,  
For them the Christians weep and pray,  
But sinners laugh and turn away,  
And join the wicked, lewd and gay,  
Who throng the road to ruin.

4 Oft times in visions of the night,  
God doth their guilty souls affright ;



They tremble at the awful sight,  
 But still again with morning light,  
 Pursue the road to ruin.

○ Sometimes by preaching sinners see,  
 They're doom'd to Hell and misery;  
 To turn to God they then agree,  
 But O ! their wicked company,  
 Entice their souls to ruin.

○ Oft times when nothing else will do,  
 Affliction will their danger shew,  
 And bring the haughty sinners low,  
 Then they'll repent, and pray and vow—  
 But turn again to ruin.

When ev'ry way is try'd in vain,  
 No more the spirit strives with man,  
 Full of guilt, and fear and pain,  
 He strikes the blow, the sinner's slain!  
 He sinks to endless ruin ! !

sinners turn, long time you've stood,  
 The truth and all that's good,  
 Be sav'd through Jesus' blood,  
 In your arms submit to God,  
 Thus be sav'd from ruin.

sinners, neighbours, friend or foe,  
 The terrors of the Lord we know,  
 Tell us friends what will you do?  
 We cannot bear to let you go,  
 To everlasting ruin.



## HYMN VI.—PASS OVER JORDAN.

- 1 FROM the regions of love lo! an angel  
descended,  
And told the strange news, how the babe was  
attended ;  
Go shepherds and visit this wonderful  
stranger,  
See yonder bright star there's your God in  
a manger.

## CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb in whom we find  
pardon,  
We will perfectly praise him when we pass  
over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring to you and each nation  
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your sa-  
tion !  
Transported with rapture, they raise the  
glad voices ;  
And shout Hallelujah, while Heaven rejoices  
*Hallelujah, &c.*

- 3 All glory to God, in the highest be given  
" All glory to God," resounds through  
Heaven ;  
O earth, join the chorus, repeat the  
story,  
And sing of his love, salvation, and glory.  
*Hallelujah &c.*

- 4 In raptures I burn, to join the bless'd choir,  
Such love so divine, sets my soul all on fire ;  
Around the bright throne ; new hosannas  
are ringing,

O when shall I join them, and ever be singing.

*Hallelujah &c.*

5 The voice of free grace, cries escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain,  
For sin and transgression, and ev'ry pollution,  
His blood flows to cleanse us, in plenteous effusion.

*Hallelujah &c.*

6 This fountain is clear in which all may find pardon,  
From Jesus it flows; it flow'd in the garden,  
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,  
Salvation flows freely, it flows from the fountain.

*Hallelujah &c.*

O Jesus ride on, in thy chariot, victorious,  
And conquer with love, make thy kingdom all glorious,  
The banner unfurl let the nations surrender,  
And own thee, their Saviour, their God and defender.

*Hallelujah &c.*

8 O Jesus ride on, thy goings are glorious;  
Over sin, death and Hell. Thou wilt make us victorious;

Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,  
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

9. When on Zion we stand, in the land of full blessing,  
With our harps in our hands we will praise without ceasing ;  
We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of the river,  
And sing Hallelujahs forever and ever

*Hallelujah, &c,*

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HYMN VII...THERE IS A LAND OF PLEASURE

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,  
Where streams of joy forever roll ;  
'Tis there I have my treasure,  
And there I long to rest my soul :  
Long darkness dwelt around me,  
With scarcely one bright cheering ray,  
But since I found the saviour,  
A lamp has shone along my way.

- 2 My way is full of danger ;  
But 'tis the path that leads to God,  
And like a faithful soldier,  
I'll boldly march along the road :  
Now I must gird my sword on,  
My breastplate, helmet and my shield,  
And fight the host of Satan,  
Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Zion,  
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;  
 O come along dear sinners,  
 And see Emanuel's happy land,  
 To all who stay behind me,  
 I bid a long, a long farewell ;  
 Come now or you'll repent it,  
 When you shall reach the gates of Hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,  
 And Jordan's current rolls before ;  
 Oh ! how I stand and tremble,  
 To hear the dismal waters roar.  
 Whose hand shall then support me,  
 And keep my soul from sinking there,  
 From sinking down to darkness,  
 And to the regions of despair ?

This stream shall not affright me,  
 Although 'tis deeper than the grave ;  
 If Jesus stands beside me,  
 I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave :  
 His word has calm'd the Ocean—  
 His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale,  
 Oh ! shall this friend be with me,  
 While through the gulph of death I sail.

5 Come then thou king of terrors,  
 And with thy dagger lay me low—  
 I'll sooner reach those regions,  
 Where everlasting pleasures grow,  
 O Christians ! shall I leave you,  
 No more to join your social band :  
 No more to soothe your sorrow,  
 'Till at the judgment bar we stand.

- 7 Soon the arch-angel's trumpet,  
 Shall rock the globe from pole to pole;  
 And all the wheels of nature,  
 Shall in a moment cease to roll ;  
 Then we shall see the Saviour,  
 With shining ranks of angels come,  
 To execute his vengeance,  
 And take his faithful servants home.
- 

## HYMN VIII.—AN EXPERIENCE.

- 1 COME all ye that labor, with sins heavy  
 weight,  
 I pray give attention, to what I relate ;  
 Of all wretched sinners, I know I was one,  
 Yet Jesus my saviour, has granted relief.
- 2 When first I received the heavenly do-  
 I thought I should always abide in his  
 The fountain of mercy, was boundless  
 free,  
 Just suiting the case of a sinner like me.
- 3 The plan of salvation was all my delight,  
 My vessel ran over, by day and by night  
 I thought the whole world, might his love  
 receive,  
 And wonder'd why sinners, refus'd to believe.
- 4 The free love of Christ, was my joy and my  
 song,  
 Till some did persuade me my views were  
 all wrong ;



That strong consolation they deem'd a bad  
mark,

Pronouncing me safest, when most in the  
dark.

- 5 They also insisted, the provisions of grace,  
Did only extend to a part of our race ;  
And even the favorites, for whom Jesus  
dy'd,  
Must grope in thick darkness to humble their  
pride.

- 6 A sinner, they said, had no right to believe,  
'Till some special gift he from God, did  
receive,  
And when he receiv'd it to doubt and repine,  
Was needful to prove that the gift was  
divine.

In this be religion, I thought with a sigh,  
But surely the Levites must know better  
than I,

Then founding my faith on the wisdom of  
man,

I soon was induced to embrace the whole  
plan.

- 7 The spirit was grieved, and soon did with-  
draw,  
I let go the gospel and turn'd to the law ;  
The spirit of bondage, soon brought me to  
doubt,  
And under this bushel my candle went out

- 8 I solemnly promis'd if grace would return,  
I never would quench it, but still let it burn ;



My soul should forever resign to his will,  
And follow with pleasure his word to fulfil.

10 This humble submission that Jesus should  
reign,  
Soon open'd the windows of heav'n again,  
And tho' for his sake I be counted a fool,  
I know that my heart has been made like  
pool

11 My own private interest I cast at his feet,  
And in his salvation I know I'm complete  
Since grace upon grace I so freely receive,  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, as long as  
live.

12 And now you have heard the contents  
song,  
Can such a dependance on Jesus  
If scripture does plainly affirm it is  
Lord grant you may instantly con-  
light.

13 At once be persuaded to give up your sin  
And come as you are, to the author of life  
Leap into the fountain of infinite love,  
And shout like the glorify'd spirits above.

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HYMN IX.—A MORNING HYMN. C. M.

1 MY GOD was with me all the night;  
And gave me sweet repose;  
His angels watch'd me while I slept,  
Or I should ne'er have rose.

## HYMNS AND

Sweet sleep restores that strength to me;  
Which labor did devour ;  
My body did in weakness rest,  
But it is rais'd in power.

Let this day praise thee, O my God,  
And so let all my days ;  
And, O, let my eternal day,  
Be thy eternal praise,

Now for the mercies of the night;  
My humble thanks I pay ;  
And unto God I dedicate,  
The first fruits of the day.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more ;

Life, if thou preserve my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death when, death shall be my lot  
Shall join my soul to thee.

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### HYMN X.—AN EVENING HYMN. S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
O may we all remember well,  
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death will soon disrobe us all,  
Of what we now possess.

- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the pinions of thy love,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,  
And view th' unwearied sun ;  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.
- 

HYMN XI.—*A Christmas Hymn.* C. M.

- 1 FROM yonder beauteous realm of light,  
Conceal'd from mortal view,  
A num'rous train of cherubs bright,  
To Bethlem's valley flew.
- 2 Dark was the night in silence drear,  
The world was hush'd around ;  
Our earth born race, devoid of care,  
Lay wrapt in sleep profound :
- 3 Except a few indus'trous swains,  
That guarded night and day,  
Their flocks in safety on the plains,  
From savage beasts of prey.
- 4 When, lo ! a brighter morn than e'er  
Had blush'd o'er Bethlem's sky,  
Stopt midnight in her black career,  
Made sullen darkness fly.

- 5    Around and round an airy throng,  
      Of angels fair appear'd,  
      Ballanc'd on golden clouds they hung,  
      The Shepherds saw, and fear'd
- 6    When soft descending from the sky,  
      In morning blushes clad,  
      The angel of the Lord drew nigh,  
      With speech and visage glad.
- 7    Fear-not-swift messengers from God,  
      We come to banish fear—  
      For in our hands no vengeful rod,  
      Of wrath divine we bear.
- But calls of richest mercy blest,  
      From mercy's climes we bring;  
      " Rise shepherds, to your village haste,  
      " Salute your infant king.
- 9    "In Bethlem's town, a peaceful place,  
      " On this auspicious morn,  
      " Of David's long forgotten race,  
      " Your saviour *Christ* is born.
- 10    " You'll find him in a manger mean,  
      " In swadling bands array'd,  
      " Content to fill a lowly scene,  
      " 'Till man's just debt be paid.
- 11    " No kingly rites adorn his birth,  
      " Tho' born o'er kings to rule ;  
      " For thee, O man, he visits earth,  
      And tread's affliction's school."
- 12    Thus Gabriel spoke—th' angelic crowd,  
      On golden harps high strung,

As ocean's solemn murmurs loud,  
This new Hosannah sung:

- 13 " All glory be to God on high,  
" To all the earth be peace,  
" Good will to man, proclaim it nigh,  
" And henceforth never cease.
- 

*HYMN XII... A Psalm for the Lord's day. L. M.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God my king.  
To praise thy name give thanks and  
sing,  
To shew thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day, of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord  
And bless his works, and bless his word,  
Thy works of grace how bright thee shine,  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath,  
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.



- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desir'd or wish'd below?  
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,  
 In that eternal world of joy.



*HYMN XIII—The Lord's Day. S. M.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The king himself comes near,  
 And feasts his saints to day;  
 Where we may sit and see and hear,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,  
 Where my dear God, hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 Let joy and worship, spend  
 The remnant of my days:  
 And to my God my soul ascend,  
 In sweet perfumes of praise.
- 5 My willing soul would stay,  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away,  
 To everlasting bliss.



HYMN XVII.—*Infants dying in the arms of Jesus.*—C. W.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my blessed Lord,  
With transport all divine ;  
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,  
Thy love in ev'ry line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms,  
Spread o'er thy lovely face.  
While infants in thy tender arms,  
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these tender lambs said he,  
"And press them to my breast :  
"Protection they shall find in me,  
"In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Take and baptise them in my name,  
"I'll seal the stamp divine,  
"My promises are still the same,  
"They are forever mine.
- 5 "Death may the bands of life unloose,  
"But can't dissolve my love :  
"Millions of infant souls compose,  
"The family above.
- 6 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,  
"And mould with heavn'ly skill :  
"I'll give them tongues to sing and praise,  
"And hands to do my will."
- 7 His words the happy parents hear,  
"And shout with joy divine,  
Dear Saviour all we have and are,  
Shall be forever thine.

HYMN XVIII.—*The Good Old Way.*—L. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts Emanuel's friends ;  
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends :  
 Let nothing cause you to delay,  
 But hasten on the good old way.

## CHORUS.

*And I'll sing Hallelujah,  
 And glory be to God on high,  
 And I'll sing Hallelujah,  
 There's glory beaming thro' the sky,*

- 2 Our conflicts here, tho' great they be,  
 Shall not prevent our victory ;  
 If we but watch and strive and pray,  
 Like soldiers in the good old way.  
 And I'll sing Hallelujah, &c.

O good old way ! how sweet thou art ;  
 May none of us, from thee depart,  
 But may our actions always say,  
 We're marching in the good old way.  
 And I'll sing, &c.

- 4 Tho' Satan may his pow'rs employ,  
 Our peace and comfort to destroy,  
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,  
 And shout along the good old way.  
 And I'll sing, &c.

- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,  
 And view by faith the promis'd land,  
 Then we may sing, and shout and pray,  
 While marching in the good old way.  
 And I'll sing, &c.

- 6 Ye valiant souls for Heav'n contend,  
Remember Glory's at the end,  
Our God will wipe all tears away,  
When we have run the good old way,  
And I'll sing, &c.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,  
We'll meet with those who're gone before,  
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,  
By marching in the good old way.  
And I'll sing, &c.



HYMN XIX—*The Lord has to his garden come.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord has to his garden come  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lillies grow and thrive ;  
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine,  
From Jesus flow on every vine,  
And makes each branch revive,
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground,  
With springs of water may abound,  
And fruitful soil become ;  
The desert blossoms as a rose,  
And Jesus conquers all his foes,  
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious day is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is ;  
I taste and know that grace is free,  
And all mankind along with me,  
May come to Christ and live.

- 4 The worst of sinners he may find,  
A Saviour pitiful and kind,  
Who will them all receive,  
None are too vile who will repent,  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 If sinners only knew the Lord,  
And would consent to taste his word,  
His sweet forgiving love ;  
They'd rush thro' storms of ev'ry kind,  
And leave all earthly cares behind,  
To gain a crown above.
- 6 Come brethren you that love the Lord  
Who taste the sweets of Jesu's word,  
In Jesu's ways go on,  
Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.
- 7 We feel that heav'n is now begun,  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
From Jesu's throne on high ;  
It comes in floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.
- 8 And when we come to dwell above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply ;  
Jesus will lead his ransom'd there,  
To living fountains pure and clear,  
That never will run dry.
- 9 And then we'll shine, and shout and sing;  
And make the heav'n'ly arches ring,

When all the saints get home ;  
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
 We soon shall meet together there,  
 For Jesus bids us come.

20 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
 And claim a mansion there,  
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;  
 To meet you in that heavn'ly land,  
 Where we shall part no more,



### HYMN XX.—*The Jubilee.*

1 ONE night as I lay musing the Saviour  
 said to me,  
 Go blow the Gospel trumpet and sound the  
 jubilee,  
 Go tell them I am risen, and death they need  
 not fear,  
 I've turn'd the awful summons to a sweet  
 messenger.

2 The harvest fields are rip'ning, the labourers  
 are few,  
 And Zion she doth languish, O shepherds  
 where are you ?  
 Their blood will cry against, you, if idle you  
 should be,  
 The year of pardon's coming, go sound the  
 jubilee.

3 Come, O my father's children whom Christ  
 has taught the way,



Why stand you here so idle? why waste you  
all the day?

Remember some were teaching, while others  
preach'd the word,

Go labour in the vineyard, you'll have a sure  
reward.

4 Come brethren and sisters, tho' but a little  
band,

Your vict'ry I'll insure you, stand fast with  
sword in hand,

Let's wield the sword with pleasure, the  
battle goes aright,

'Thus Israel gain'd the victory, over the  
Amelkite.

5 Come all you sons of vanity who lie expos'd  
to death,

Who listed under Pharoah, the Egyptian  
King beneath,

Although you serve with rigour, he will not  
set you free,

'Then harken to the gospel, the sound of ju-  
bilee.

6 Come you who're bound for Canaan, and  
give me your right hand,

Who've turn'd your back on Egypt and join'd  
this little band,

I pray you hold out faithful, and then your  
crown is sure,

You'll reign with Christ your Saviour in  
bliss for evermore.

7 How beauteous are the garments the bride  
of Christ doth wear.



He adorns her with his presence, and clothes  
 her with his care,  
 He decks her with rich jewels, and crowns  
 her with his love,  
 And by his mighty power, he'll bear her safe  
 above.

- 8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow, to sickness,  
 care and pain,  
 And mount aloft with Jesus, forever there  
 to reign,  
 We'll join to sing his praises, above the ether-  
 real blue,  
 And then poor careless sinners what will be-  
 come of you.

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HYMN XXI.—*Jerusalem.* C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home,  
 O how I long for thee!  
 When will my sorrows have an end  
 Thy joys when shall I see?

CHORUS.

*O the place, the happy place,  
 The place where Jesus is,  
 The place where the Christians  
 And never part again.*

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone  
 Most glorious to behold!  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl  
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold  
 O the place, &c.

- 3 Thy riches and thy pleasant height  
 My study long has been ;  
 Such sparkling light by human sight  
 Has never yet been seen.  
 O the place, &c.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious Lord.  
 Why should I stay from thence :  
 What folly's this that I should dread,  
 To die and go from hence.  
 O the place, &c.
- 5 Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,  
 And cause me to ascend ;  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And sabbaths never end.  
 O the place, &c.
- 6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,  
 Him will I go and see,  
 My brethren here below,  
 Shall come after me.  
 O the place, &c.
- 7 As I bid you all adieu,  
 I leave you in God's care ;  
 I shall never more see you,  
 But I'll meet you there.  
 O the place, &c.
- 8 We shall meet, and no more part,  
 Heav'n shall ring with praise ;  
 Jesus's love in ev'ry heart.  
 Tune the song **FREE GRACE**  
 O the place, &c.

- 9 Millions of years around may run,  
 Our song will still go on ;  
 To praise the Father and the sun,  
 And spirit three in one.  
 O the place, &c.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
 Bright shining as the sun ;  
 We've no less days to sing his praise,  
 Than when we first begun,  
 O the place, &c.
- 

HYMN XIX.—*Joseph and his brethren.*

- 1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,  
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,  
 His heart with compassion was fill'd  
 From weeping he could not forbear.  
 A while his behaviour was rough,  
 To bring their past sins to their mind  
 But, when they were humbled enough,  
 He hasten'd to show himself kind.
- 2 How little they thought it was he,  
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold !  
 How great their confusion must be,  
 As soon as his name he had told !  
 " I am Joseph, your brother he said,  
 And still to my heart you are dear,  
 You sold me and thought I was dead,  
 But GOD for your sakes sent me here."
- 3 How greatly distressed before,  
 When charged with pilloining the cup,

They now were confounded much more,  
 Not one of them durst to look up.  
 "Can Joseph whom we would have slain,  
 Forgive us the evil we did?  
 And will he our households maintain?  
 O this is a brother indeed!"

- 4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came  
 And laden with guilt, to the Lord;  
 Sourrounded with terror and shame,  
 Unable to utter a word.  
 At first he look'd stern and severe,  
 What anguish then pierced my heart,  
 Expecting each moment to hear,  
 The sentence, "thou cursed depart!"

But oh! What surprise when he spoke,  
 While tenderness beam'd in his face;  
 My heart then to pieces was broke,  
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace;  
 Poor sinner I know thee full well,  
 By thee I was sold and was slain;  
 At I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,  
 And raise thee, in glory to reign.

Jesus, whom thou has blasphem'd,  
 And crucify'd often afresh;  
 Let me henceforth be esteem'd,  
 Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh;  
 My pardon I freely bestow,  
 Thy wants I will fully supply;  
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below,  
 And soon will remove thee on high;

Go publish to sinners around,  
 That they may be willing to come.  
 The mercy which now you have found

And tell them that yet there is room."  
 Oh sinners the message obey !  
 No more vain excuses pretend ;  
 But come without farther delay,  
 To Jesus our brother and friend.

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*HYMN XX.—The Jubilee, or the first Resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HAT sound is this salutes my ear,  
 Methinks the Jubilee is near,  
 The trump of peace is come—  
 It shakes the heavens, earth and sea,  
 Proclaims, the captives all are free !  
 Return ye exiles home !
- 2 Behold the new Jerusalem.  
 Illuminated by the Lamb,  
 In glory doth appear—  
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs,  
 To meet the bridegroom now she come  
 And hails the Jubile year.
- 3 King Jesus takes her in his arms !  
 Transported with his lovely charms,  
 She thus begins to sing—  
 " The howling winter's gone and past,  
 " The smiling season's come at last ;  
 " Behold the rosy spring."
- 4 As lark and linnet gladly sing.  
 While hills and valleys round them ring,  
 Scap'd from the fowlers snare—  
 One thousand years she here shall dwell,  
 And triumph o'er the powers of hell.  
 Here freed from every care.



- 5 The dragon then's let loose once more,  
All round the earth in rage to roar,  
And seek for war again—  
But he that sets upon the throne,  
Will drive him and his armies down,  
To plough the fiery main.
- 6 The seventh trumpet we shall hear,  
The great white throne shall then appear,  
Ten thousand angels round.  
Jehovah turns the moon to blood !  
Blows out the Sun ! consumes the flood !  
And burns the Solid ground.
- 7 Arise ye nations and come forth,  
From east and west from south and north,  
Behold the judge is come,  
What horror strikes each guilty breast,  
Compell'd to stand the solemn test  
And hear his final doom.
- 8 Depart ye cursed down to hell,  
With howling fiends forever dwell,  
No more to see my face.  
My gospel calls you have withstood,  
And trampled on my precious blood,  
And laugh'd at offer'd grace.
- 9 Kind parents now their children leave  
They shout for joy ! the children grieve,  
Never they meet again.  
In fiery chariots Zion flies,  
And quickly gains the upper skies,  
On Canaan's dazzling plain.
- 10 My soul is struggling to be there,  
I long to rise and wing the air,

To trace the heavenly road.  
 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,  
 O that I had an angel's wings,  
 I'd quickly see my God.

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*HYMN XXI. The Zion Traveller. Tune Bold Pilgrim,*

- 1 **Y**E weary heavy laden'd souls,  
 Who are oppressed sore,  
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness  
 To Canaan's peaceful shore,  
 Thro' chilings winds and beating rains,  
 Thro' waters deep and cold,  
 And enemies surrounding you—  
 Take courage and be bold.
- 2 Tho' Storms and hurricanes arise  
 And distant thunders sound,  
 Tho' fry serpents oft appear,  
 Thro' the enchantig ground;  
 Tho' nights and clouds and gloomy fear,  
 Tho' dragons often roar;  
 Go while the gospel trump we hear,  
 We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,  
 Who mourns her absent mate  
 From hill to hill, from vale to vale,  
 Her sorrows to repeat,  
 But Canaan's land is just before,  
 Sweet spring is coming on,  
 A few more beating winds and rains  
 And winter will be gone.

4 Methinks I now begin to see  
 The borders of the land,  
 The trees of life with Heav'nly fruit,  
 In beauteous order stand,  
 The wint'ry time is past and gone,  
 Sweet flowers do appear,  
 The fiftieth year has now roll'd round  
 The great Sabbatic year.

3 O what a glorious sight appears.  
 To my believing eyes,  
 Methinks I see Jerusalem  
 A city in the skies !  
 Bright Angles whisp'ring me away,  
 O come, my brother, come ;  
 And I am willing to begone  
 To my eternal home.

With I see my gracious God,  
 His eternal throne.  
 At his right hand the loving Lamb,  
 The Spirit three in One.  
 O that my faith was strong to rise  
 And bear my soul away,  
 I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,  
 In one eternal day.

2 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,  
 Who are for Canaan bound ;  
 And should we never meet again.  
 Till Jubal's trump shall sound,  
 I hope that I shall meet you there,  
 On that delightful shore,  
 In oceans of eternal bliss,  
 Where parting is no more.

HYMN XXII.—*The dying Pilgrim.*

1 **M**Y soul's full of glory  
Which fires my tongue,  
Could I meet with angels  
I'd sing them a song,  
I'd sing of my Jesus  
And tell of his charms,  
And beg them to bear me,  
To his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending,  
To hear while I sing,  
Well pleas'd to hear mortals  
Now praising their King !  
O angels ! O angels !  
My souls's in a flame,  
I rise in sweet raptures  
At Jesus's name.

3 O Jesus ! O Jesus !  
Thou balm of my soul,  
'Twas thee my dear Saviour  
That made my heart whole.  
O bring me to view thee,  
Thou precious sweet king,  
In oceans of glory  
Thy praises to sing.

4 O Heaven, sweet Heaven,  
I long to be there,  
To meet all my brethren  
And Jesus my dear.  
Oh ! angels Oh ! angels  
I'm ready to fly,  
Come quickly convey me  
To God in the sky.

5 Sweet Spirits attend me  
 'Till Jesus shall come ;  
 Protect and defend me,  
 'Till I am call'd home.  
 Tho' worms my poor body  
 May claim as their prey,  
 T'will outshine when rising,  
 The sun at mid-day.

6 The sun may be darken'd,  
 The moon turn'd to blood.  
 The mountains all melt  
 At the presence of God.  
 Red lightning may blaze and  
 Loud thunders may roar ;  
 All this cannot daunt me  
 On Canaan's sweet shore.

glimpse of bright glory  
 powers my soul,  
 a sweet vision  
 w the bright goal,  
 d while I'm singing,  
 ing to go ;  
 ment for Heaven  
 ve all below.

Farewell my dear brethren  
 My Lord bids me come,  
 Farewell my dear Children,  
 I'm now going home ;  
 Bright angels are whisp'ring  
 So sweet in my ear,  
 Away to thy Saviour  
 Thy Spirit we'll bear.



- 9 I'm going, I'm going  
But what do I see ;  
'Tis Jesus in glory  
Appears unto me.  
To Heaven, to Heaven  
I'm going I'm gone,  
O glory, O glory,  
'Tis done, it is done,
- 

HYMN XXIII.—*The glories of Emanuel.*

- 1 **H**AIL God the Father, glorious light ;  
Hail God the Son, my soul's delight  
Hail Holy Ghost, eternal three !  
My anthem through eternity.
- 2 The glit'ring orbs around the skies,  
But speak his glory in disguise ;  
Their silent notes too weak to tell,  
The wisdom of Emanuel.
- 3 Tall mountains that becloud the skies,  
With all the hills that round them rise,  
While time endures you ne'er can tell,  
The power of Emanuel.
- 4 Ye boisterous seas with dismal roar,  
Whose tossings sound from shore to shore,  
Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell,  
The grandeur of Emanuel.
- 5 Let worlds on worlds with all their throng  
Thro' ev'ry clime extend the song,

A guilty world preserv'd from Hell,  
By Christ, our king Emanuel :

6 Behold him leave his father's throne,  
Behold him bleed and hear him groan,  
Death's iron chains would fail to tell,  
The strength of king Emanuel.

7 Behold him take his ancient seat,  
And millions bowing at his feet ;  
He's conquer'd Satan death and hell,  
And wears the crown Emanuel.

8 His fame shall sound from pole to pole,  
While glory flows from soul to soul ;  
The gospel now goes forth to tell,  
The myst'ries of Emanuel.

While I am singing of his name,  
My soul begins to feel the flame ;  
I'm full, I'm full, yet cannot tell,  
The goodness of Emanuel.

9 I long to hear the trumpet sound,  
And see his glory blaze around ;  
I then will shout and sing and tell,  
Salvation to Emanuel.

11 Ten thousand, thousand in the throng,  
Ten thousand thousand join the song ;  
He sav'd us from a gaping hell,  
All glory to Emanuel.

12 My soul's transported with those charms  
I long to lie in Jesu's arms ;  
Thro' countless ages there to tell,  
How dear I love Emanuel.

HYMN XXIV.—*The Bold Cristian.*

*Copy and paste for your own use*

**Y**E Children of Zion, who're aiming for  
 Glory,  
 Enlisted with Jesus to fight against Hell;  
 New Canaan's bright borders are now just  
 before you,  
 Though Jordan's proud billows its banks  
 overswell,  
 Ten thousands have cross'd it and are now  
 in glory,  
 Shouting and telling their triumphant story  
 And Jesus our Saviour will bring us all over,  
 In the land of sweet Canaan forever to dwell.

This makes my heart merry, it fills me with  
 pleasure,  
 That toiling and suffering will one day be  
 o'er;

At the feet of my Jesus, I'll there count my  
 treasure,

Where sin, pain and sorrow, can reach us  
 no more.

Be bold and courag'ous and fear not the  
 Devil,

Tho' he should speak of you, all manner  
 of evil;

Altho' Satan rages, yet Jesus engages,

To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright  
 shore.

2 Like ships on the ocean, we'er toss'd by  
 commotion;

But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure  
 guide,

If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion,

Which flows in abundance, from Jesus's side,  
Tho' Satan's wild whirlwinds, like deluges  
roaring,

While floods of temptations like hail are  
down pouring,

Tho' devils should haunt you, yet let them  
not daunt you,

For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

- 4 I feel his love blazing, my spirits are raising,  
Had I pinions of angels, away I would go ;  
And see that bright city, and hear Seraphs  
praising,

And all the enjoyment of glory I'd know.

To God, the great Father, who shines  
throughout Heaven,

All glory from Saints, and from Angels be  
given,

My hearts' now on fire, my Jesus draws  
nigher,

His love, like an ocean, so freely doth flow.

- 5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't  
contain me,

My soul is so joyful, I'm fill'd with new  
wine :

'Tis grace that supports me, and glory  
awaits me,

Fresh beams from sweet Heaven, all round  
me do shine.

Bright Angels attend me where'er I am  
going,

My Jesus directs me what e'er I am doing—

A subject of wonder, on which angels  
ponder ;

That beggars are rais'd to a life so divine

HYMN XXV.—*The Christians march to Canaan.*

- 1 **Y**E children of Jesus, that's bound for  
the kingdom,  
Attune all your voices and help me to sing?  
Sweet anthems of praises to my precious Jesus;  
For he is my prophet my priest and my  
king.  
When Jesus first found me, to Hell I was  
going,  
His mercy prevented my final undoing;  
He kindly embrac'd me, and sweetly he  
kiss'd me,  
And taught my glad tongue his salvation  
to sing
- 2 Why should we go mourning from such a  
physician,  
Who's able and willing our sickness to  
cure;  
We'll ask him believing, tho' bad our con-  
dition,  
The cause of the faithful his word will  
insure;  
My soul he has heal'd, my glad heart now  
rejoices,  
He's brought me to Zion to join the glad  
voices,  
I'll serve him and praise him, and always  
adore him,  
Thro' grace I will meet him when dangers  
are o'er.
- 3 My thoughts are in Heaven to Jesus ascended  
I'm bound to press on to the mark for the  
prize;



## HYMNS AND

And when my temptations and trials are ended,

With a convoy of seraph's my spirits shall rise.

O Christians I'm happy at this contemplation,  
My soul's drinking in the sweet streams  
of Salvation :

I long to be flying that I may be vying,  
With the tallest bright angel that shouts  
in the skies.

4 Chear up ye dear pilgrims, for Canaan's  
before us,

We'll scale the bright mountains loud  
shouting free grace ;

In the new Jerusalem we'll sing hallelujah,  
And sit in the smiles of sweet Jesus's face ;  
No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping nor  
mourning'

To those that once enter there is no re-  
turning,

But constantly praising, and shouting and  
singing,

Salvation and glory to Jesus's grace.

3 My soul's full of glory, I'll not stay much  
longer,

O come my blest Saviour and make no  
delay,

I feel my sweet spirit grow stronger and  
stronger ;

My soul's now exulting to see the glad day,

O Christians, O Christians, O had you not  
rather,

Be shouting in glory with your blessed  
father,

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

47

When clouds and temptations, sins pains  
and vexations.

Are all lost forever in perfect bright day.

6 This moment the angels are hov'ring around  
us,

And joining with mortals to praise their  
sweet king?

There waiting for Jesus to call us and  
crown us,

To make the glad arches of Heaven to  
ring,

There Father and mother will meet one  
another ;

The wife with the husband, the sister and  
brother ;

In the bottomless ocean of love's sweet  
emotion,

Salvation to Jesus forever we'll sing.

---

HYMN. XXVI *The agonies and sufferings of Christ.*

1 **T**HE son of man they did betray,  
He was condemn'd and led away,  
Think, oh my soul, that mournful day,  
Contemplate Calvary.

Behold him lamb like led along,  
Surrounded by a wicked throng ;  
Accused by each lying tongue,  
And thus the lamb of God was hung  
Upon the shameful tree.

2 Thus the glorious sufferer stood,  
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;  
From ev'ry wound a stream of blood ;

Came trickling down amain.  
 His bitter groans all nature shook,  
 And at his voice the rocks were broke ;  
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,  
 While spiteful Jews around him mock,  
 Loud sporting at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,  
 Behold him bowing as he dies ;  
 O sinners hear his mournful cries,  
 Behold his tort'ring pain.  
 The morning Sun withdrew his light !  
 Blushing refus'd to view the sight !  
 The azure cloth'd in robes of night !  
 All nature mourn'd and stood affright !  
 When Christ the Lord was slain !

4 Ye men and angels hear the Song,  
 He cries for help, but oh there's none ;  
 He treads the wine press all alone,  
 His garments stain'd with blood,  
 In lamentation, hear him cry,  
 Eloi lama sabacthanie !  
 Though death may close his languid eye,  
 He soon will mount the upper sky—  
 The conq'ring Son of God.

5 But Jews and Romans in a band,  
 With hearts of steel around him stand,  
 " If you have come to save the land ;  
 Then try yourself to free."  
 A soldier pierc'd him when he dy'd,  
 And healing streams came from his side ;  
 And thus my Lord was crucify'd.  
 Stern justice now is satisfy'd,  
 Sinners for you and me.

- 6 Behold him mount the throne of state,  
And fill the mediatorial seat.  
Whilst millions bowing at his feet,  
Their loud hosannahs tell ;  
Though he endur'd exquisite pains,  
He led the monster death in chains—  
Ye seraph's raise your loudest strains,  
With music, fill bright Eden's plains ;  
He's conquer'd death and Hell !
- 7 'Tis done, the dreadful debt is paid,  
The great atonement now is made !  
“ Sinners, on me your guilt is laid,  
“ For you I spilt my blood ;  
“ For you my tender soul, did move,  
“ For you I left my courts above ;  
“ That you the length and breadth might  
prove,  
“ The depth and height of perfect love,  
“ In Christ your smiling God.”
- 8 All glory be to God on high,  
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,  
Glory to God be giv'n ;  
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,  
While Heav'n above his praise resounds,  
Zion sing his grace abounds,  
I hope to shout eternal rounds,  
In flaming love that knows no bound,  
When swallow'd up in heav'n.

---

HYMN XXVII.—*The black armies defeated.*

YE soldiers of Jesus pray stand to your  
arms,

## HYMNS AND

Prepare for the battle, you hear the alarms,  
The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers  
and see,  
The standard and colours of sweet liberty.

- 2 Though Satan's black trumpet is sounding  
so near,  
Take courage brave soldiers, his armies we  
dare,  
In the strength of King Jesus we challenge  
the fight,  
We'll put his black armies of aliens to flight.

- 3 In the mount of salvation, in Christ's armory<sup>a</sup>  
There's swords, shields, and breast-plates  
and helmets for thee ;  
Their's nothing to dread tho' he roars like a  
flood,  
He'll not stand before the bright armies of  
God.

King Jesus reviews all his armies around  
The watchmen close after, the trumpet does  
sound  
Some shouting, some singing, salvation they  
cry,  
In the strength of king Jesus ; all hell we defy.

- 5 To battle, to battle, the trumpet doth sound.  
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around ;  
The signal for vict'ry ; hark ! hark from the  
sky  
Shout, Shout ye brave armies the watch-  
men all cry,

- 6 As the great Goliath—Appollyon shall fall,  
With the sword of the spirit we'll conquer  
them all ;



We'll leave no opposer alive in the field,  
By the stength of Jehovah we'll force them  
to yeild.

7 Through Jesus our wisdom, we'll baffle his  
rage,  
My heart beats for conquest, come soldiers  
engage,  
The trumpets are sounding, the armies ap-  
pear,  
We'll not leave one standing from front to  
the rear.

8 Fair Zion now shouts her great conquering,  
king,  
Salvation to Jesus the armies now sing;  
Apollyon we've conquer'd and sunk in the  
flood,  
Who, who can withstand the bright arm  
of God.

9 Behold all the soldiers are now marching  
home,  
God's trumpet is sounding, and bids them  
come on,  
Behold the Batalion together all meet,  
And lay down their armour at Jesus's feet.

10 And now the bright millions with honor  
discharg'd,  
Receive robes of glory—with treasures ex-  
larg'd,  
All shouting and singing on Canaan's bright  
shore,  
Where wars and commotions can reach them  
no more.

- 11 Cheer up ye dear Pilgrims the time's drawing nigh,  
 When we too shall meet those bright hosts  
 in the sky,  
 Our friends and relations in Jesus so dear  
 Both preachers and people shall then meet  
 us there.
- 12 We'll join all the saints in loud anthems divine,  
 Our crowns with rich diamonds the sun shall  
 outshine.  
 To the praise of our Saviour we'll tune our  
 harps then,  
 Salvation and glory to Jesus, AMEN.
- 

HYMN XXVIII.—*Zion's Volunteers.*

**MARK**, listen to the trumpeters,  
 They sound for volunteers,  
 On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,  
 Behold the officers—  
 Their horses white, and garments bright,  
 With sword and bow they stand ;  
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,  
 To march for Canaan's land.

It sets my heart all in a flame,  
 A soldier I will be ;  
 I'll enlist, gird on my arms,  
 And fight for liberty.  
 I want no tories in their band,  
 They will their colors fly ;  
 I call for valiant hearted men,  
 That do not fear to die.

- 3 The armies now are in parade,  
How martial they appear ;  
All dress'd and arm'd in uniform,  
They look like men of war.  
They follow their brave general,  
The great Eternal Lamb ;  
His garments stain'd in his own blood,  
King Jesus is his name.
- 4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,  
And drive the hosts of hell,  
How dreadful is our God in arms,  
Th' great Emanuel.  
Sinners enlist with Jesus Christ,  
Th' Eternal Son of God ;  
And march with us to Canaan's land,  
Beyond the swelling flood.
- 5 There is a green and flow'ry field,  
Where fruit immortal grow  
There cloath'd in white, with Angels bright,  
We'll our redeemer know.  
We'll shout and sing forever more,  
In that eternal world,  
But Satan and his armies too,  
Shall down to Hell be hurl'd.
- 5 Hold up your head's ye soldiers bold,  
Redemption's drawing nigh,  
We soon shall hear the trampet sound,  
That shakes both earth and sky:  
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,  
And leave the world on fire :  
And meet around the starry throne,  
To tune th' immortal lyre.

HYMN XXIX *Zion's Light*-Isaiah, Chap. ix. i. v.

- 1 **A**RISE, O Zion, rise and shine,  
Behold thy light is come,  
Thy gloricus conqu'ring king is near,  
To take his exiles home.  
His trumpet's sounding thro the sky,  
To set poor captives free—  
The day of Wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,  
The earth shall know her doom :  
Go spread the news from pole to pole;  
Behold the Judge is come ;  
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,  
Consume the rolling flood ;  
While ev'ry star shall disappear,  
Go turn the moon to blood.
- 3 Arise ye nations under ground,  
Before the judge appear ;  
All tongues and languages shall come,  
Their final doom to hear.  
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,  
Ten thousand Angels round ;  
And Gabriel with a silver trump,  
Echoes an awful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace,  
To sinners now is o'er ;  
The trump in Zion now is still,  
And will be heard no more.  
The watchmen all have left their walls,  
And with their flocks above,  
On Canaan's happy shore they sing.  
And shout redeeming love.

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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### SECOND PART.

- 1 **C**OME all my brethren in the Lord,  
Whose hearts are join'd in one ;  
Hold up your heads with courage bold,  
Your race is almost run—  
Above the clouds behold him stand,  
And smiling bid you come  
And angels whisp'ring you away,  
To your eternal home.
- 2 A pilgrim on his dying bed,  
With glory in his soul ;  
Upwards he lifts his longing eyes,  
Towards the blissful goal ?  
While friends and children weep around,  
And loth to let him go,  
He shouts with his expiring breath,  
And leaves them all below.
- 3 O Christians are you ready now,  
To cross the rolling flood ?  
On Canaan's happy shore, behold  
And see your smiling God.  
The dazzling charms of those bright worlds  
Attract my soul above ;  
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,  
When perfected in love.
- 4 Go on my brethren in the Lord,  
I'm bound to meet you there ;  
Although we tread enchanted ground,  
Be bold and never fear.  
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,  
The land appears in view,  
I hope to gain sweet Canaan's shore;  
And there to meet with you.



- 5 Salvation to our conqu'ring king,  
 Then let the echo rise ;  
 While the repeat is sung above,  
 By armies in the skies.  
 O Christians help me praise the Lamb,  
 Who dy'd for you and me ;  
 We'll sing his praises as we go,  
 And shout eternally.
- 6 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,  
 Until we meet again ;  
 If not in time yet as we rise  
 Above the fiery main.  
 We'll join the royal armies bright,  
 In presence of the Lamb ;  
 And tune our harps, and sing free grace,  
 In love's eternal flame.



### HYMN XXX. *The Holy War.*

- 1 COME on my partners in distress,  
 Ye trav'lers thro the wilderness,  
 To Canaan's peaceful shore.  
 Be ready now for all alarms,  
 Gird on your helmet and your arms.  
 Our Captain's gone before.
- 2 Apollyon's armies we must fight,  
 And put the troops of Hell to flight,  
 To gain that Heavenly land.  
 Come on ye soldiers in the rear,  
 Be stout and bold and never fear,  
 Come join the shouting band.

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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- 3 King Jesus's banner's mounted high,  
And colours of sweet liberty,  
Behold each glitt'ring star.  
Hark how the watchmen wind their horn,  
The echo sounds each soul to warn,  
To Zions's glorious war.
  
- 4 The watchmen march around the wall  
In thick array the armies all,  
Now boast their thousands slain.  
In triumph all the soldiers cry,  
Thro' Christ, we now our foes defy,  
And count their malice vain.
  
- 5 We'll shout above the fi'ry void,  
And view the earth in flames destroy'd,  
And tune our harps of gold,  
Salvation to our conqu'ring King,  
We'll make the heavenly mansion ring,  
Thro' ages yet untold.
  
- 6 We fought Apollyon and his crew,  
And all his armies overthrew.  
Deep in the burning flood.  
Strike, strike your harps, ye angels bright  
And fall transported at the sight,  
Of Christ your conquering God.
  
- 7 We'll sit on thrones of glory bright.  
Where perfect day excludes the night,  
Above the etherial blue.  
With glitt'ring crowns upon our heads,  
With him we'll rest in flowery beds,  
Of pleasures ever new.
  
- 8 No nauseous thing for us to fear,  
No sin nor pain can enter there ;

To interrupt our peace.  
 But drink and swim in seas of love,  
 God's promise perfectly to prove,  
 The fulness of his grace

9 O Christians sure you long to go,  
 To leave your cares and fears below,  
 And see that heav'nly place.—  
 Thence never to return again,  
 To this dark world of sin and pain,  
 Where sorrows never cease.

10 O sinners what think you of this,  
 Ye restless wand'ers after bliss?  
 Stop and no longer roam.  
 The road you're in leads down to Hell,  
 Where fury, flames and Devil's dwell,  
 Where hope can never come,

mark from the skies your Saviour cries,  
 And stands your bleeding sacrifice,  
 He offers you his love.  
 Sinners awake ! see your mistake.  
 And strive to shun the fiery lake,  
 And reign with him above..

12 Hark ! how the gospel trumpet charms,  
 Enlist with Christ, take up your arms,  
 Gird on your sword and shield,  
 While glory bright is full in sight,  
 We'll slay the bloody sons of night,  
 And thus we'll take the field.

13 O then, we'll meet our blessed Lord,  
 When we'll not need a shield or sword,  
 But nobler hours employ,

When millions of bright years are gone  
Eternity is just begun,  
Of never-ending joy.

- 14 All glory be to God on high,  
Who made the ocean, earth and sky,  
Glory to him be given.  
I long to see my gracious king,  
My soul's now rising while I sing,  
To scale the mount of Heaven.
- 15 I long to gain the mountain's height,  
To see the Lord, my soul's delight,  
I'm flaming with desire,  
To join the dazzling armies bright,  
Ten thousand thousand cloath'd in white,  
When all the world's on fire.



**HYMN XXXI.**—*Scriptures fulfilling. Sung  
in the great Revivals in Tennessee and Virginia.*

- 1 **S**EE how the scriptures are fulfilling;  
Poor sinners are returning home;  
The time that prophets were foretelling  
With signs and wonders now has come.  
The gospel trumpets loudly sounding,  
From sea to sea, from land to land;  
The grace of God to all abounding,  
And Christians joining heart and hand.
- 2 Ten thousand fall before Jehovah,  
For mercy—mercy loud they cry;  
They rise up shouting Hallelujah,  
All glory be to God on high.  
Tho' many say 'tis all disorder,

And disbelieve God's holy word ;  
Yet still they cry and shout the louder,  
All glory, glory to the Lord.

3 O sinners hear our invitation,  
You are but feeble dying worms ;  
O fly to Jesus for salvation,  
Or you will meet God's awful storms.  
We charge you in the name of Jesus,  
The awful judge of quick and dead !  
But if you should refuse to hear us,  
Your blood shall be upon your head.

4 Now God is calling ev'ry nation,  
The bond and free, the rich and poor ;  
These are the days of visitation,  
Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er.  
The Lord shall come, all cloath'd in thunder,  
With light'ning streaming from his eyes ;  
O then he'll cut his foes asunder,  
Stern Justice will not hear their cries.

5 The sun affrighted from his centre,  
Envelop'd in an awful cloud ;  
The stars to shine then will not venture,  
The moon dark cloathed in a shroud.  
The sea and land together burning,  
Bright flames ascend the melting sky ;  
To native chaos all returning,  
Hark ! Hark ! the herald angels cry.

6 Come up ye saints ! receive your portion !  
Advance towards the judgment seat !  
What tongue can tell the sweet emotion,  
See Jesus and his bride now meet !  
With smiling looks of approbation ;



He takes her in his lovely arms ;  
 Whilst she is fill'd with transportation  
 Dissolved in his heav'nly charms.

7 His presence now forever fills her  
 With all the joys of perfect love !  
 But see that group ! Alas what horror !  
 See how reluctantly they move !  
 See millions of poor wretched creatures,  
 Compell'd by justice to appear !  
 What horrors painted on their features,  
 How deeply mark'd with black despair.

8 Hideous cries and lamentation !  
 But no relief can now be found ;  
 The judge pronounces condemnation,  
 Whilst dreadful thunders echo round,  
 Down to the lake of burning fire.  
 No more the Saviours face to see ;  
 But bound to bear his awful ire,  
 And blow the flames eternally.

9 Now devils drag them down the centre,  
 Into the gulph of burning woe ;  
 Poor wretches how they dread to enter,  
 But forc'd by vengeance down they go,  
 Now they are paid for persecuting  
 And trampling on the grace of God ;  
 For all the time they spent disputing  
 And sporting with a Saviour's blood.

10 O Christians double your attention  
 With courage march the heav'nly road ;  
 Remember that great condemnation  
 Will fall on those that turn from God.  
 Your children all must be converted,

Or they can never rest with you ;  
 God's word cannot be controverted,  
 God bless you all—Amen—Adieu.

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### HYMN XXXII. *Recovery from despair*

**Y**E happy souls, whose peaceful miads,  
 Are free'd from pain and fear ;  
 Ye objects which kind heav'n designs,  
 To make its constant care.  
 To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,  
 Press'd by my dismal fate.  
 O can you with me sympathize,  
 Whilst I my case relate ?

2 I once was happy in the Lord,  
 My soul was in a flame ;  
 I did delight to hear his word,  
 And praise his holy name,  
 His children were my heart's delight,  
 I lov'd their company—  
 I lived by faith, both day and night,  
 That Jesus dy'd for me

3 But woe is me, those joys are past,  
 Those blissful scenes are o'er ;  
 I'm like a city quite laid waste,  
 To be rebuilt no more.  
 In vain I cry, in vain I mourn,  
 In vain I seek for rest.  
 I fear the dove will ne'er return,  
 To my poor troubled breast.

4 Alas ! alas ! where shall I go,  
 Jesus from me is gone ;  
 A child of sorrow, grief and woe,

Forever more undone.

The gospel now, is hid from me,

Tho' often I do hear

Nor from the Law am I made free;

Which thunders out despair.

6 My hope is fled, and faith I've none,

God's word I cannot bear ;

My sense and reason almost gone,

Fill'd with tormenting fear ;

What next to do, I cannot tell,

So keen my sorrows are—

Without relief I sink to Hell,

To dwell for ever there.

6 The devil now too waits around,

To make my soul a prey ;

I dread to hear the trumpet sound.

Take, take the wretch away.

I linger pine, I groan and sigh,

Sleep now has left mine eyes ;

And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,

To close my guilty eyes.

7 O that I was some bird or beast,

Was I a stork or owl,

I'd somewhere build my lofty nest,

Or thro' the desert prowl.

But I have an immortal soul,

Within this house of clay,

That either must with devils howl,

Or dwell in endless day.

8 Evening, pensive as I lay,

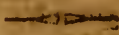
As I lay upon the ground,

As God began to pray,

A light shone all around.  
These words with power went thro' my heart  
"I've come to set you free ;  
"Death, Hell nor Grave need never part,  
"My love poor Soul from thee."

- 9 My dungeon shook, my chains flew off,  
Glory to God I cry'd.  
My soul was fill'd—It is enough!  
For me the Saviour dy'd.  
The winter's past the rain is gone,  
Sweet flowers now appear ;  
Bright morning! What a glorious sun,  
How banish'd every fear.

- 10 Hail brightest Prince, eternal Lord,  
That left the blazing throne ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word,  
Thou art the Father's Son.  
When on the brink of Hell I lay,  
Enclos'd in blackest night :  
Thou Lord, didst hear the sinner pray,  
And bro't my soul to light.

- 11 All you who're groaning in your chains,  
Without one spark of hope ;  
Tho' inexpressible your pains,  
O still be looking up.  
Tho winds may blow, and storms arise,  
And bring a gloomy night ;  
The morning sun will clear the skies,  
With sweet prevailing light.
- 

HYMN XXXIII.—*The Pilgrim & Apollyon.*

1 COME ye wand'ring pilgrims dear,  
 Who are to Canaan bound ;  
 Take courage and fight valiantly,  
 Obey the trumpet's sound.  
 Our captain has before us gone,  
 He's God's eternal Son ;  
 Then pilgrims dear, pray don't you fear  
 But let us follow on.

2 Thro' a dark howling wilderness,  
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;  
 A land of drought of pits and snares  
 Where chilling winds do roar.  
 But Jesus Christ will with us go,  
 And lead us by the way ;  
 Should enemies examine us,  
 He'll teach us what to say.

*Apollyon.*

3 Good morning, brother traveller,  
 Pray tell me what's your name ,  
 And whither now you travelling are  
 Also, from whence you came ?

*Pilgrim.*

My name it is the pilgrim bold,  
 To Canaan I am bound ;  
 I'm from the howling wilderness,  
 From the enchanted ground.

*Apollyon.*

4 Pray what is that upon your head  
 That shines so clear and bright ?



Also the covering of your breast,  
 So dazzling to my sight ?  
 What kind of shoes are those you wear,  
 On which you boldly stand !  
 Likewise the shining instrument  
 You bear in your right-hand ?

*Pilgrim.*

- 5 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,  
 My faith is this my shield ;  
 'Tis Righteousness upon my breast,  
 God's word, the sword I wield.  
 My feet are shod with gospel peace,  
 On which I boldly stand,  
 And bravely I will fight 'till death,  
 To gain fair Canaan's land.

*Apollyon.*

- 6 You'd better stay with me, young man,  
 And give your journey o'er :  
 Your captain now is out of sight,  
 His face you'll see no more.  
 Apollyon, sir, I am by name,  
 This land belongs to me :  
 And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,  
 I'll give it all to thee.

*Pilgrim.*

- 7 Begone ! replies the Pilgrim bold,  
 Your offer I disdain ;  
 A glittering crown of righteousness,  
 I shortly shall obtain.  
 And if I only faithful prove ;  
 To my dear Lord's commands  
 I jointly shall be heir with him,  
 To Canaan's richest lands.

- 8 The pleasant fields on that bright shore,  
 Are beauteous to behold ;  
 The vallies cloth'd with living green,  
 The mountain's ting'd with gold—  
 The trees of life with heav'nly fruit,  
 Behold how thick they stand ;  
 Blow gentle gales and bear my soul  
 Away to Canaan's land.

*Second part—Pilgrim's Victory.*

- 9 Salvation in sweet purling streams,  
 Thro' Canaan's land doth flow,  
 Proceeding from the throne of God,  
 For pilgrims here below !  
 Ten thousand thousand crowns of gold,  
 All set with diamonds bright ;  
 And there my smiling Jesus reigns,  
 Who is my heart's delight.
- 10 Come all ye mourning travellers,  
 Fresh courage take by me—  
 And listen whilst I tell you all,  
 The way this land to see.  
 Thro' Christ the glorious telescope,  
 Come view the worlds above,  
 See God the Father kindly smile,  
 To fill your souls with love.
- 11 My soul's on fire with warm desire,  
 To see Jerusalem ;  
 The city bright, the saints' delight,  
 Whose keeper is the Lamb—  
 A holy flame, runs thro' my frame,  
 Methinks the King I see,  
 In glory bright, cloath'd all in light  
 And immortality.

- 12 My soul, what glories do appear  
Throughout that land to thee.  
There all the saints are cloath'd in white ;  
And walk in liberty.  
The Father, Son, and Spirit One,  
In blazing glories shine.  
Whilst countless harps and flaming tongues  
Unite in hymns divine.
- 13 Brave soldiers dear, pray don't you fear,  
Our Captain is above ;  
Behold him stand, at God's right hand  
His bowels melt with love.  
He'll soon appear and us prepare,  
To cross the rolling flood ;  
Then up we'll fly with wings of joy,  
To see our smiling God.
- 

### HYMN XXXIV.—*Redemption.*

- 1 I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee my  
love,  
I long thy salvation more fully to prove,  
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, O why ?  
Because my dear Saviour for sinners did die.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee my Lord knows it well,  
How much I love thee, I never can tell,  
From Hell and damnation thy spirit did free,  
From black desperation, a rebel like me.
- 3 On Zion's bright mountain, this news I will  
tell,  
The strains of Redemption my bosom shall  
swell ;

With angelic ardour his love I'll proclaim,  
Redemption for sinners, in Jesus's name.

6 Redemption, redemption, thro' Zion shall  
ring.

The sweet song of redemption, her converts  
shall sing ;

Redemption, redemption, thro' Jesus's blood  
Perform'd upon calv'ry ! How wonder-  
ous ! How good !

8 We'll talk of redemption, while we stay be-  
low,

We'll sing of redemption when upwards we  
go ;

When the sun shall be darken'd the moon  
turn'd to blood,

We'll shout full redemption in the kingdom  
of God.

8 When sinking in sorrow, free grace  
abound,

Pursu'd by the devil, redemption w  
Our harps to redemption we'll  
string.

Thro' Heaven's high arches,  
shall ring.

7 Redemption, redemption to be  
slain,

We'll outsing the Angels in the  
strain,

Redemption to Jesus forever we  
For men not for Angels the Savio

## HYMNS AND

- 8 All glory, all glory, to Jesus's name,  
 All wisdom and power to the spotless  
 Lamb :  
 To him that redeem'd us, the great One in  
 three,  
 Hosannah, Hosannah thro' eternity.
- 9 The song of creation, bright Angels may  
 sing,  
 But we'll sing redemption to Christ our  
 great King ;  
 Thro' eternal ages these songs shall be sung,  
 While Jesus's glory inspires each tongue.

---

 HYMN XXXV.

- 1 COME thou fount of eve'ry blessing  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise :

me some melodious sonnet,  
 By flaming tongues above ;  
 The mount I'm fixed upon it,  
 Of thy redeeming love !

## CHORUS.

*rise and go and meet him,  
 Embrace me in his arms.  
 In his arms of my dear Jesus,  
 O, there is ten thousand charms.*



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home :  
*I will arise; &c.*

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood ?  
*I will arise, &c.*

5 O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee ;  
*I will arise &c.*

6 Prone to wander Lord I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love,  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above.  
*I will arise &c.*

7 O ! that day, when freed from sinning  
I shall see thy lovely face ;  
Richly cloth'd in blood wash'd linen,  
How I'll sing redeeming grace !  
*I will arise, &c.*

8 Come dear Lord no longer tarry,  
Take my ransom'd soul away !  
Send thine angel hands to carry,  
Me to realms of endless day !  
*I will arise &c.*

- 9 If thou ever didst discover,  
 To my faith the promis'd land  
 Bid me Lord the stream pass over,  
 On the Heav'nly border stand.  
*I will arise &c.*
- 

HYMN XXXVI. *I long to see the seasons come.*

- 1 **I** LONG to see the seasons come,  
 When sinners shall come flocking home;  
 To taste the Heaven of Jusu's love,  
 And seek the joys which are above.
- 2 Oh hearken to the gospel sound,  
 Inviting sinners all around;  
 Behold; our loving Saviour stands,  
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He now is knocking at your heart,  
 Waiting salvation to impart—  
 To wash you in attoning blood,  
 And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go,  
 To realms of joy or endless woe;  
 In worlds of bliss with Christ to dwell,  
 Or sink beneath his frowns to Hell.
- 5 Come then dear sinners counsel take,  
 And all your sinful ways forsake;  
 This world give o'er, leave friends behind,  
 In Christ you shall redemption find.

- 6 Take your companion by the hand,  
And all your children in one band,  
And give them up at Jesu's call,  
To pardon, bless and save them all.
- 7 Then when the day of Christ shall come,  
And he collects his jewels home,  
On Zion's mount you there shall stand,  
And join the bright celestial band.
- 8 Oh ! what a glorious company !  
May I be there that sight to see,  
And join in praise to Jesus' name—  
All glorious in Jerusalem.
- 

HYMN XXXVII. *New Testament.*

- 1 **T**HE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds  
What healing flows forth from his  
wounds ?  
How good, how excellently good,  
Those precious streams of Jesu's blood
- 2 How great, how rich a treasure this !  
All that is Christ's my portion is :  
I'm his and all I e'er shall be,  
And all he has, he gives to me.
- 3 O what a vast estate have I !  
A heav'n to all eternity !  
I'm rich, my lord hath made me so !  
Nor would I greater riches know.
- 4 The promises I glad look o'er,  
And thankfully the lamb adore ;

For when he dy'd he made his will,  
And did these legacies reveal.

- 5 His new eternal *Testament*,  
I've read and much sweet time have spent,  
In searching every verse and line!  
How much of Jesu's will is mine?
  - 6 What did my Saviour at his death,  
To me, unworthy me, bequeath?  
All that he had—his merit—blood?  
The fullness of the grace of God.
  - 7 My dearest Lord I'll ever bless,  
He helped me when in distress,  
He dy'd for me—this I must tell,  
Or I had naked gone to Hell.
- 

HYMN XXXVIII. *The Penitent.*

- 1 **O**H! give me Lord my sins to mourn,  
My sins which have thy body torn;  
Give me with broken heart to see,  
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,  
And gaze upon that wond'rous sight,  
O that with Salem's daughters I,  
Could stand and see my saviour die.
- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,  
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die,  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy son.

- 4 Father of mercies drop thy frown,  
Now give me shelter in thy son;  
Now with my broken heart comply,  
And give me Jesus or I die.
- 5 O Lord deny me what thou wilt,  
If thou wilt ease my soul of guilt,  
Good Lord in mercy hear my cry,  
And give me Jesus or I die.
- 6 O save my soul from gaping hell,  
Or else with *Devils* I must dwell,  
A wretched soul lost and undone,  
Lord Jesus save me or I'm gone.
- 7 Spare me O Lord, do not forsake,  
And my sad case now undertake,  
Wash off my sins in blood divine,  
O save and seal me ever thine.
- 8 One precious drop Lord Jesus grant,  
One precious drop is what I want,  
One precious drop of thy rich blood  
Will make me cry, my Lord my God.
- 

## HYMN XXXIX.—By Mrs. Sarah Jones.

- 1 **B**RIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,  
And all my passions capture,  
Eternal beauties round me shine,  
Infusing warmest rapture.  
I dive in pleasures deep and full,  
In swelling waves of glory,  
And feel my Saviour in my soul,  
And groan to tell my story.



- 2 I feast on honey, milk and wine,  
I drink perpetual sweetness ;  
Mount Zion's odours cheer my mind,  
While Christ unfolds his glory,  
No mortal tongue can shew my joys,  
Nor can an angel tell them ;  
Ten thousand times surpassing all  
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
- 2 My captivated spirits fly,  
Through shining worlds of beauty ;  
Dissolv'd in blushes loud I cry,  
In praises loud and mighty,  
And here I'll sing and swell the strains,  
Of Harmony delighted,  
And with the millions learn the notes,  
Of saints in Christ united.
- 4 The bliss that rolls through those above,  
Through those in glory seated,  
Which causes them loud songs to sing,  
Ten thousand times repeated,  
Darts through my soul in radiant flames,  
Constraining loudest praises,  
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,  
While all within me blazes.
- 3 When earth and seas shall be no more,  
And all their glory perish,  
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,  
And stars at midnight languish,  
My joys refin'd shall higher shine,  
With Heavn's radiant glory,  
And tell through one eternal day,  
Love's all immortal story.

HYMN XL.—*Come all you mourning pilgrims.*

- 1 **C**OME all you longing pilgrims, hear,  
 The joyful news I tell,  
 The Lord has brought deliverance near.  
 To save our souls from hell.  
 'Twas angels brought the tidings down,  
 To shepherds in the field,  
 That God with men is reconcil'd,  
 Thro Christ to us reveal'd,

## CHORUS.

*Sing glory honor to the Lord,  
 Salvation to our king.  
 Let all that's wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
 His glorious praises sing.*

- 2 Come mourning, and afflicted souls,  
 Draw near to God by prayer,  
 Where Christ his boundless love unfolds,  
 He says he'll meet us there,  
 His glorious presence fills our souls,  
 With songs of loudest praise,  
 Let all that want the Saviour dear,  
 Their hearts and voices raise.  
*Sing glory, honor, &c.*

- 3 There's glory, glory in my soul,  
 It came from heav'n above,  
 Which makes me praise my God so bold  
 And his dear children love.  
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,  
 I love his ways so well,  
 Because his precious blood was spilt,  
 To save my soul from hell.  
*Sing glory, honor, &c.*

- 4 The blessed Mary went to seek,  
 Her lord intomb'd in stone,  
 The napkin and the sheet were found  
 Together in the tomb,  
 An angel said he is not here,  
 He's risen from the dead,  
 And streams of grace for sinners flow  
 As free as did his blood.

*All glory, glory to my king,  
 He's now upon his throne,  
 Inviting strangers home to God,  
 And claims them for his own.*

—•—  
 HYMN XLI.—*Recruiting Hymn.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the warlike trumpets blow,  
 And men in arms appear,  
 To let the sons of freedom know,  
 The day of battle's near.

Christ's trumpet sounds, let saints be arm'd,  
 The battle is begun ;  
 The hosts of Satan are alarm'd,  
 The day will soon be won.

The glorious Captain Jesus sends,  
 The heralds of his might,  
 To search and try who are his friends,  
 And who will list to fight,

The gospel, calls for Volunteers,  
 To come with sword in hand,  
 Where is there one for Christ appears,  
 Against the foe to stand ?

- 5 Here's bounty money to be giv'n,  
To all his soldiers here,  
And glorious crowns and joy in heav'n,  
When Jesus shall appear.
- 6 Here's dress and food, and drink and arms,  
And pay, and victory sure,  
This every Christian soldier charms,  
And makes him war endure.
- 7 The captain never quits the field ;  
But fights before his men,  
Until his foes are made to yield,  
Or fall among the slain,
- 8 His foes at once submit or fly,  
When he appears in sight,  
And none of those shall ever die,  
Who in his army fight.
- 9 He always did and always will,  
Maintain his armies well,  
And save them from temptation's snare,  
And after death from hell.
- 10 Here Lord, behold ! I set my name,  
A soldier I will be,  
Thy gracious promises I claim,  
And give myself to thee.
- 

HYMN XLII.—*O how have I long'd for the  
coming of God.*

**O** ! HOW have I long'd for the coming  
of God !

And sought him by prayer still searching  
his word,

With watching and fasting my soul sore  
oppress'd,  
Nor would I give over till Jesus had  
bless'd.

2 The news of his mercy at length I did hear;  
According to promise, he answer'd my  
pray'r,  
And glory is open'd in floods on my soul !  
Salvation from Zion beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,  
And sinners come crying and praying to  
God :  
Their mourning and prayers are heard very  
loud,  
And many find favour in Jesus's blood.

Some more my bless'd Saviour now fall at  
thy feet,  
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great.  
Oh ! raise them king Jesus, to tell of thy  
love,  
And shout Hallelujah with angels above.

ing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and  
sing,  
God make the nations with praises to ring,  
In loud acclamations of Jesus's love,  
Carry us all to the city above.

We'll wait for his charriot, it seems to draw  
near,  
O come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear  
We long to be singing and shouting above  
With angels o'erwhelmed in Jesus's love



HYMN XLIII.—*The Converted Roman.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY love ! inspire, my heart  
     with pure desire,  
 Until the sacred fire, my soul does renew ;  
 I love the blessed Jesus, on whom all heav'n  
     gazes,  
 And symphony increases above the etherial  
     blue.

## CHORUS.

*O give him glory ! O give him glory !  
 O give him glory ! For glory is his own,  
 I will give him glory ! I will give him glory,  
 I will give him glory, for glory is his own.*

- 2 My tender hearted Jesus, thy love my soul  
     amazes,  
 Who came from heav'n to save us, when lost  
     and undone :  
 No Angel could redeem us, no Seraph could  
     retrieve us.  
 No arm could relieve us but Jesus alone.  
     *O give him glory &c.*

- 3 In him I have believed, he has my soul  
     retrieved,  
 From sin he has redeemed, my spirit lost  
     and dead,  
 And now I love my saviour, for I am in his  
     favor,  
 And hope with him forever, the golden  
     streets to tread.  
     *O give him glory, &c.*

- 4 Yet here a while I stay, in hope of that glad  
     day,

Till I am call'd away, to the mansions above  
 There to enjoy the treasure, of unconsuming  
 pleasure,  
 And shout in highest measure, Hallelujahs  
 of love.  
*O give him glory, &c,*

HYMN XLIV.—*Life let us Cherish,*

1 **W**HY are we fond of toil and care,  
 Which bring on sorrows and despair,  
 Come, oh! my God, my heart supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye.

CHORUS.

*Life let us cherish ;  
 We that are in the Heavenly road,  
 Life let us cherish ;  
 While in the presence of God.*

2 When shall I quit this mournful clay,  
 And glorious angels me convey,  
 When on their golden wings shall I,  
 Be wafted far above the sky.  
*Life let us cherish, &c.*

3 When e'er to that bright world I rise,  
 And join the anthems of the skies,  
 O then my happy soul shall tell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.  
*Life Let us cherish, &c.*

4 I hope to meet my Brethern there,  
 Who us'd to join with me in pray'r—  
 Our praying time shall then be o'er,  
 And we'll rejoice forever more,  
*Life let us cherish, &c*

- 5 Then I shall see my glorious God,  
Who bought me with his precious blood,  
*Jehovah, Jesus*, is his name.  
He's King of New Jerusalem.

*Life let us cherish, &c.*

- 6 Then O my soul rejoice and sing,  
Yonder's thy saviour, friend and King,  
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,  
And says press on, lo! here's thy crown.

*Life let us cherish &c.*

- 7 Hold out my friends a few more days,  
Fight the good fight and end thy race,  
And then with me, thy soul shall reign,  
Thy head a crown of life shall gain.

*Life let us cherish, &c.*



HYMN XLV.—*I am on my way to Heaven.*

- 1 I AM on my way to Heaven,  
My sins are all forgiven;  
How thankful, thankful, thankful am I;  
Down from the holy city,  
The Lord did look in pity,  
And mercy, mercy he sent from the sky!  
My burden for to lighten,  
My evidence to brighten,  
And to reveal his love to me,  
And thus my joys to lighten—  
Should earth, and Hell, against me join,  
My soul they cannot frighten,  
For Jesus, Jesus, I find him my friend.

- 2 O ! what a loving Saviour,  
How ready to shew favour,  
To sinners, like me, who have stray'd from  
their God :  
I like a wretched scoffer,  
Refused every offer,  
But still he pursu'd with the cries of his blood  
The law it did arrest me,  
My nature it oppress'd me,  
And all the sins, that I had done  
They surely did distress me :  
But when the good Physician came,  
He heal'd my soul and bless'd me,  
Then Jesus, Jesus, I found was my friend.
- 3 Not all this world's gay pleasure  
Affords such lasting treasure,  
As Jesus's love how richly it doth flow ;  
Until with Christ arisen,  
We'll fear no bonds nor prison,  
For Jesus looks down and he guards us below :  
Our Jesus still doth arm us,  
His spirit still doth warn us,  
And if to Jesus we prove true,  
No enemy can harm us,  
Should death invade our mortal frame,  
This never can alarm us,  
For Jesus, Jesus, we find him our friend.
- 4 I am happy now in seeing,  
So many sinners fleeing,  
To Jesus whose ways are all pleasure and  
peace ;  
Alone I shall not travel,  
In spite of men or Devil,  
For daily I see their numbers increase.

And Jesus is now pleading,  
His spirit's interceding,  
His ministers are gone to preach,  
His Kingdom they are spreading :  
'They cry to all both great and small,  
Come sinners to the wedding,  
For Jesus, Jesus is our dearest friend.

---

HYMN XLVI.—*Parting Song.*

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the  
time is at hand,  
That we must be parted, from this social  
band ;  
Our several engagements now call us away,  
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, farewell for  
a while,  
We'll soon meet again, if kind providence  
smile,  
But when we are parted and scatter'd  
abroad,  
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with  
God.
- 3 FAREWELL, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be  
discharg'd,  
The war will be ended, your treasure's en-  
larg'd,  
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may  
roar,  
We'll enter fair Canaan and rest on the shore



- 4 FAREWELL, ye young converts, who're listed  
for war,  
Sore trials a wait you, but Jesus is near :  
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to  
peace.
- 5 The world and the Devil and Hell all unite,  
And bold persecution will try you to fright,  
But Jesus stands for you, who is stronger  
than he ?  
Let this animate you to march on your way.
- 6 FAREWELL, seeking mourners with sad bro-  
ken heart,  
O hasten to Jesus and choose the good part,  
He's full of compassion and mighty to save,  
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 7 FAREWELL, careless sinners, for you I do  
mourn,  
To think of your danger ! oh why not return !  
I've heard of the judgment, where all must  
appear,  
There you will stand trembling with tor-  
menting fear.
- 8 Your frolics and pastimes in which you de-  
light,  
Will serve to torment you with dreadful af-  
fright,  
You'll think of those sermons that you've  
heard in vain,  
All hopes gone forever of hearing again.

- 9 FAREWELL faithful Christian's farewell all  
around,  
Perhaps we'll not meet 'till the last trump  
shall sound,  
To meet you in glory I'll give you my hand,  
Our Saviour to praise in one joyful band.
- 10 O glory, O glory, O glory to God,  
Redemption we've found through Jesus's  
blood,  
I long to be going, to meet him above,  
To gaze on his glory, and feast on his love.
- 

HYMN XLVII.—*Break the Heart of Stone.*

- 1 O H! for a glance of heav'nly day,  
To take this stony heart away ;  
To thaw with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks could rend the earth could quake,  
The sea could roar, the dead awake,  
Of feeling all things shew some sign,  
But this obdurate heart of mine.
- 3 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,  
Amazing thoughts, which Devils fear ?  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 There's something yet can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need ;  
Thy spirit, can from dross refine.  
And melt and change this heart of mine.

- 5 I to thy blessed will resign,  
 O wash, and save, and seal me thine,  
 My heart is now dissolv'd in love,  
 Sweet showers, flowing from above.
- 6 Good news, good news, to all around,  
 Salvation for my soul I've found ;  
 All glory, glory to my king,  
 The praise of God, I sweetly sing.
- 

HYMN XLVIII.—*On Christian Union.*

- 1 COME my Christian friends and brethren,  
 Bound for Canaan's happy land,  
 Come unite and walk together,  
 Christ the Saviour gives command ;  
 Lay aside your party spirit,  
 Slight your Christian friends no more,  
 Come unite thro' Jesu's merit,  
 ZION's peace again restore.
- 2 We'll not bind our brethren's conscience,  
 This belongs to God alone,  
 Nor contend for non-essentials,  
 But in Christ let all be one,  
 The word of God be our criterion,  
 This shall all our doctrines prove,  
 Christ the centre of our union,  
 And the bond of Christian love.
- 3 Here's my hand, my heart and spirit,  
 Now in fellowship I give,  
 Those who peace and love inherit,

*Richmond*

Ought to shew how Christians live,  
 Now we're one in Christ our Saviour,  
 Male and female, bond and free,  
 Christ is all in all forever,  
 Whilst we're happy Lord in thee.

- 4 Now we'll preach and pray together,  
 Praise give thanks, and shout and sing ;  
 Now we'll strengthen one another,  
 And adore our heav'nly king ;  
 Now we'll join in sweet communion,  
 At the TABLE of our lord,  
 Whilst our God confirms our union,  
 By his spirit and his word.

- 5 Now the world will be constrained,  
 To believe in Christ our king,  
 Thousands, thousands, be converted,  
 Round the world his praise shall ring--  
 Happy day, oh ! joyful hour,  
 Thank the Lord, his name we'll bless,  
 Send thy spirit Lord, with power,  
 Fill the world with righteousness.

---

HYMN XLIX.--*On Religion.*

- 1 **R**ELIGION ! oh thou blessed Queen,  
 With modest air and brow serene :  
 Thou cheering fair and happy theme,  
 Whose visions are no airy dream,
- 2 Parent of virtue, nurse of thought,  
 By thee were saints and patriots taught ;  
 Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,  
 And in thy lap, fair science grew

*Richardson*

3. What'er exalts, refines or charms,  
Invites to thought, to virtue warms ;  
What'er is perfect, true or good,  
We owe to thee sweet gift of God.
4. With thee, the charms of life shall last,  
Even when the rosy blooms are past ;  
When slowly pacing time shall spread,  
Her silver blossoms o'er my head.
5. No more shall this vain world perplex ;  
Thou wilt prepare me for the next.  
The springs of life shall gently cease,  
And angels waft my soul to peace.
6. O may I live to reach the place,  
Where GOD unveils his lovely face ;  
My soul his beauties shall behold,  
And sing his praise on harps of gold.
- 

HYMN L.—*Christ Suffering.*

1. **T**HROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we  
trace,  
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,  
Nothing else by him was seen,  
Till he a spotless victim fell,  
Such suffering oh what tounge can tell !  
Caus'd by the creature's sin.
2. On the cold ground methinks I see,  
My Jesus kneel and pray for me,  
Oh let me him adore !  
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,



Blood drops did force their passage out,  
Thro' every op'ning porē.

- 3 The piercing thorns his temples tore,  
His back with lashes cover'd o'er.  
What painful sight to see.  
Behold him now his cross he bears !  
Marking his way with blood and tears,  
Press'd by the heavy tree.

- 4 Thus up the hill he painful came,  
Round him they mock'd and made their  
game,  
'Till up his cross they rear ;  
And can you see the mighty God,  
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,  
Without one thankful tear !

- 5 Thus veiled in humanity,  
He dies in anguish on the tree ;  
No tongue his grief can tell :  
The shuddering rocks their heads recline,  
The morning sun refus'd to shine,  
When the redeemer fell.

- 6 Shout brethren, shout in songs divine,  
He drank the gall to give us wine,  
To quench our parching thirst ;  
Seraphs advance your voices higher,  
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,  
And love the precious Christ.

---

HYMN LI.—*O may I worthy prove to see,*

- 1 **O** MAY I worthy prove to see,  
The saints in full prosperity,

To see the bright, the glittering bride,  
Close seated by her Saviour's side.

CHORUS.

*And I'll sing glory, glory,  
And glory be to God on high;  
And I'll sing glory glory,  
And shout salvation as I fly.*

Or this CHORUS.

*O Glory, glory, glory Hallelujah,  
We'll shout when we meet him in the air,  
O glory glory, glory Hallelujah.  
We'll shout when we meet together there.*

2 O may I find some humble seat,  
Beneath my dear redeemer's feet;  
Where I may sit and humbly sing,  
Salvation to my glorious king.  
*And I'll sing glory &c.*

3 I'm glad that I am born to die,  
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Away to new Jerusalem.  
*And I'll sing glory &c.*

4 I'll praise my maker while I've breath;  
I hope to praise him after death,  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly.  
*And I'll sing glory &c.*

5 Farewell vain world I'm going home,  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;  
Sweet angels beckon me away,  
To sing God's praise in endless day  
*And I'll sing glory, &c:*

6 I Soon shall pass the veil of death,  
 And in his arms I'll loose my breath!  
 And then my happy soul shall tell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.  
*And I'll sing glory &c.*

7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,  
 Awake ye nations under ground :  
 Arise and drop your dying shrouds,  
 And meet king Jesus in the clouds:  
*And I'll sing glory &c.*

8 When to that blessed world I rise,  
 And join the anthems in the skies ;  
 This note above the rest shall swell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well-  
*And I'll sing glory &c.*

9 Then shall I see my smiling God,  
 And praise him in his bright abode ;  
 My theme through all eternity,  
 Shall glory, glory, glory be.  
*And I'll sing glory &c.*



### HYMN LII.—*Penitential Soul.*

1 **I**N evil long I took delight,  
 Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
 'Till a new subject struck my sight,  
 And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies of blood ;

He fix'd his languid eyes on me ;  
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never 'till my latest breath,  
Shall I forget that look ;  
He seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair ;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,  
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,  
I freely all forgive,  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I dy'd that thou may'st live.

7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,  
My spirits now were filled ;  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.



### HYMN LIH.—*Fleeting moments.*

1 I'LL sing my Saviour's grace,  
And his bless'd name I'll praise ;  
While in this land of sorrow I stay,  
My troubles soon will end.  
And my soul ascend,

When freed from this dull clod of cum'brous  
clay.

2           A pilgrim here below,  
          While in this vale of woe,  
I live in exile, mourning like the dove;  
          My days in sorrow roll,  
          And my weary soul,  
With earnest longings pants to mount above.

3           Tho' few my days have been,  
          Much trouble I have seen,  
And deep afflictions I have waded through;  
          For thorny is the way,  
          To eternal day,  
Yet forward will I press, and onward go.

4           Another day is gone,  
          And the declining sun,  
Has veil'd his radiant beams in sable night,  
          While gloomy darkness reigns,  
          O'er the extensive plains,  
And here and there a star with glimmering  
light.

5           Thus rapid flies away,  
          Ev'ry succeeding day,  
And life's declining light draws to a close;  
          E'er long life's setting sun,  
          Will in death go down,  
And lay my weary limbs in sweet repose.

6           On eagle's wings of love  
          Then I'll mount above,  
And find my passage safe to endless day,  
          Then happy sweet surprise



What great new wonders rise,  
When freed from this dull clod of cumb'rous  
clay.

7 O What a glorious sight !  
And what supreme delight !  
Will fill my raptur'd soul when I behold—  
The new Jerusalem,  
Every gate a gem,  
And streets all glittering with transparent gold.

8 But oh ! and shall I then,  
Behold the friend of men  
The man who suffer'd bled and dy'd for me,  
Who bore my load of sin,  
Sorrow, grief and pain,  
To make me happy and to set me free ?

9 Ye heav'nly arches ring,  
Sing Hallelujah, sing,  
Hail ! holy, holy, holy, bleeding Lamb ;  
Once I was dead in sin,  
But now I live again,  
And glory, glory, glory to his name.

---

HYMN LIV.—*On Death.*

1 **W**HYY do ye mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey,  
Their bodies to the tomb ?

There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,  
And soften'd every bed ;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying head ?
- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid his kindred rise ;  
Awake ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints ascend the skies !!
- 

### HYMN LV.—*Baptism.*

- 1 COME let us unto Jesus go,  
And ask him if it can be so,  
That BABES can have in Christ no part,  
Who once embrac'd them to his heart ?
- 2 Has Heav'n decreed that infants must,  
In cruel flames be ever curst :  
Must they forever burn in Hell,  
Because their Father Adam fell ?
- 3 No—JESUS says, I am their friend ;  
Upon my truth they may depend ;  
In *Matthew, Mark and Luke* you'll find,  
I have not left one babe behind.
- 4 You need not think I'll bear the blame,  
Baptise them all in my great name ;  
The seal imparts to INFANTS giv'n,  
They are my blood bought heirs of Heav'n.

- 5 Banish that doctrine out of sight,  
That would invade an infant's right ;  
For if their foes should rise in swarms,  
I'll shield them from invading harms.
- 

HYMN LVI.—*Baptism.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the promise of the Lord,  
I'll be a God to thee ;  
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they,  
Shall be a seed for me.
- 2 Abram believed the promis'd grace,  
And gave his son to God ;  
But water seals the blessing now,  
That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,  
When she received the word ;  
Thus the believing jailor gave,  
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints eternal king,  
Thine ancient truths embrace ;  
To thee their infant offsprings bring,  
And humbly claim thy grace.
- 5 Tho' men debar them of their right,  
And push them far astray.  
Christ Jesus is their gospel light.  
Their sure unerring way.
- 6 Suffer the babes to come to me,  
And do forbid them not ;  
For such shall in my kingdom be,  
This is their happy lot.

HYMM LVII.—*The Good Physician.*

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,  
'Till Jesus made me whole !  
There is but one physician,  
Can cure a sin-sick soul.  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatch'd me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me,  
His wond'rous power to save,
- 2 The worst of all diseases,  
Is light compar'd to sin ;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within ;  
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,  
And madness all combin'd ;  
And none but a believer,  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain ;  
But this prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my pain :  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for dead ;  
Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd
- 4 At length this great physician,  
How matchless is his grace !  
Accepted my petition,  
And underlook my case ;  
First gave me sight to view him,  
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;  
Then bade me look unto him,  
I looked and was heal'd.

- 5 A dying risen Jesus,  
 Seen by an eye of faith ;  
 At once from dangar frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death  
 " Come then to this physician,  
 His help he'll freely give,  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only look and live.
- 

HYMN LVIII—*While sorrows encompass me  
 around.*

- 1 **W**HILE sorrows encompass me round,  
 And endless distresses I see,  
 Astonish'd I cry'd can a mortal be found,  
 Surrounded with troubles like me.
- 2 Few moments of peace I enjoy,  
 And they are succeeded by pain,  
 If a minute in praise to my God I employ,  
 For hours again I complain.
- 3 O, when will my sorrows subside,  
 O, when will my sufferings cease ;  
 O, when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,  
 To mansions of glory and peace.
- 4 May I be prepar'd for that day,  
 When Jesus shall bid me remove,  
 And fill'd with his pow'r go shouting away,  
 To Oceans of heavenly love.
- 5 The spirit to glory convey'd  
 My body laid low in the ground,  
 I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed—  
 Let all join in praises around.



- 6 No sorrows be vented that day,  
When Jesus hath called me home,  
But with singing and shouting let each bro-  
ther say  
He's gone from the evils to come.
- 7 If souls immaterial can know,  
Or visit their brethren again,  
I hope I shall join you as shouting you go,  
My corpse in the tomb having lain.
- 8 Overpower'd with the fullness of love,  
I then like an angel shall sing,  
'Till Christ shall descend with a shout from  
above,  
All men to the judgment to bring.
- 9 My slumbering body'll obey,  
And swifter than thought will arise  
Remov'd in a moment, go shouting away,  
To mansions of love in the skies.

—  
HYMN LIX—*The Gospel Jubilee.*

- 1 **H**AIL! the Gospel Jubilee,  
Jesus Comes to set us free,  
Who shed for us his precious blood,  
To raise our fallen souls to God.  
And since the work of suffering's done,  
We'll glory give to god alone :  
Free salvation be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost,  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let our praises reach the skies.

CHORUS.

*Firm united let us be,  
In the bands of Charity :*

*As a band of brothers join'd,  
Loving God and all mankind.*

- 2 Rise ye heralds of the Lord,  
Take the breastplate, shield and sword,  
Against the hosts of Hell proclaim,  
A war in Christ's all conquering name,  
Expect to gain the victory,  
And fight for glorious liberty,  
You on Jesus Christ depend—  
He'll the suffering cause defend ;  
Place, oh ! place in him your trust,  
He's almighty wise and just.

## CHORUS

*Firm united brethren stand,  
Firm and undivided band.  
Brethren dear in Jesus join'd,  
Fill'd with all his constant mind.*

- 3 Sound ! the Gospel trumpet sound !  
Through the earth's remotest bound ;  
Let Jesu's name, with loud applause,  
Ring thro' the world ! his righteous laws  
He gives, and rules in mercy mild.  
Believe, and be ye reconcil'd,  
To a God of truth and love,  
Sending blessings from above—  
Now is the accepted time,  
Listen every joyful clime.  
*Hail ! the Gospel jubilee,  
Jesus comes to set us free.  
He is come no more to bleed—  
And we shall be free indeed.*
- 4 Now the sovereign of the sky  
Comes, the troops of Hell must fly !

He is the rock of ages sure,  
 And all who to the end endure,  
 A glorious crown of righteousness,  
 Shall wear in realms of endless bliss.

There with blood-wash'd throngs  
 above.

Wond'ring at redeeming love :  
 Ever more will shout and sing,  
 Heaven's palace loud shall ring.

*Firm united let us go,  
 On in Jesus steps below,  
 As a band of brothers joined,  
 And eternal glory find.*

HYMN LX—*My Brethren all on you I call.*

- 1 **M**Y Brethren all, on you I call,  
 Arise and look around you,  
 How many foes, bound to oppose,  
 Are waiting to confound you ;  
 The trumpet calls, on Zion's walls,  
 Shake off your sleep and slumber,  
 Arise and pray, we'll win the day  
 Tho' we are few in number.
- 2 As we draw nigh, objects fly,  
 Like peals of loudest thunder  
 The voice of prayer, makes sinners stare,  
 They're fill'd with awe and wonder.  
 While music sweet makes some retreat,  
 Our Jesus still draws nigher,  
 His precious name lights up the flame,  
 That sets our souls on fire.
- 3 While grace divine in others shine,  
 With such we are delighted;

With them we croud, and sing so loud,  
Poor sinners are affrighted ;  
The sweetest joy our powers employ,  
To see the cause advancing,  
Tho' some go off and boldly scoff,  
And say that we are dancing.

4 Some mournfully for mercy cry,  
And stubborn hearts are bended,  
If we but smile, they say we are wild,  
And so go off offended ;  
If souls are born we'll bear the scorn,  
Let sinners tell their story,  
For Jesu's name we'll bear the shame  
And give him all the glory.

5 When some desert, it pains my heart  
To think the cause is wounded,  
But let them go, true Christians know,  
That they are not confounded.  
They'll end their race, and find a place,  
With Satan, their old master,  
Their race is run, let us press on,  
We'll go to Heaven the faster.

6 But as we fly we'll always cry,  
To God for their Salvation,  
O God of Love, send from above,  
And save this wicked nation.  
Thy spirit send, their hearts to rend,  
Arrest them with thy thunder ;  
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues  
While filled with joy and wonder.

7 The outward blaze sometimes decays,  
Some Christians seem contented,  
The world is sure, the work is o'er,

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

They'll be no more tormented :  
Some are afraid, the spirit's fled  
While others are offended,  
But never fear, we'll persevere,  
The warfare is not ended.

- 8 To man unknown, the seed is sown,  
We'll overcome temptation,  
The Cross we'll bear, let's not despair,  
We'll joy in tribulation.  
The noisy scene comes on again,  
The shouting trump is sounded,  
We find at length, we're gaining strength,  
Our foes will be confounded.
- 

### HYMN LXI.—*Blind Bartimeus.*

- 1 **M**ERCY, O thou son of David !  
Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd,  
Others by thy grace are saved,  
Now vouchsafe to me thy aid.
- 2 While he cried many chid him,  
But he pray'd the louder still ;  
'Till the gracious Saviour bid him,  
Come and ask me what you will.
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging us'd to live !  
But he ask'd and Jesus granted  
Alms which none but he could give.
- 4 Lord remove this grievous blindness,  
Let my eyes behold the day ;

M



Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around :  
Friends, is not my case amazing,  
What a Saviour I have found !

6 O that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advis'd by me,  
Surely they would come unto him,  
He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I freely leave my garment,  
Follow Jesus in the way ;  
He will guide me by his counsel,  
Lead me to eternal day.

8 There I shall behold my Saviour,  
Spotless, innocent and pure :  
There with him to reign forever,  
If I to the end endure.

---

HYMN LXII.— *Good Friday.*

1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my sovereign die !  
Would he devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I ?

CHORUS.

*Glory honor praise and power,  
Be unto the Lamb forever.  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.*

Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !

*Glory, honor, &c.*

Well might the Sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty Maker dy'd,  
For man the creature's sin ?

*Glory, honor, &c.*

Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears :  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

*Glory, honor, &c.*

But drops of grief can ne'er repay,  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here Lord, I give myself away ;  
'Tis all that I can do.

*Glory, honor, &c.*

---

HYMN LXIII.—*The Soldier.*

**A** SOLDIER Lord, thou hast me made,  
Thou art my Captain, King and head,  
And under thee I still would fight,  
The fight of faith, all in thy sight.  
The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood,  
The ensign of our cause in God ;  
The SOLDIER's heav'nly standard is,  
And I will fight for King Jesus.

- 2 Lord grant me grace to wield thy word,  
Thy Spirit's pow'rful two edg'd sword,  
To slay my foes where'er they be,  
And claim the vict'ry won by thee.  
A faithful Soldier let me be,  
To stand and face the enemy,  
To keep my post and stand prepar'd,  
To pass the word unto the guard.
- 3 Thou art my strength keep me I pray,  
That I may walk the narrow way,  
And from my duty ne'er depart,  
But live to Christ, with all my heart !  
Help me to keep my martial dress,  
And march erect in holiness,  
O make me pure and spotless too,  
And fit to stand the grand review.
- 4 And when our glorious King appears,  
To honor all his Volunteers,  
And all our well dress'd ranks shall stand,  
In full review at God's right hand.  
Our foes then shall be put to rout,  
And all the heav'nly Soldiers shout ;  
While we march up the heavenly street,  
And ground our arms at Jesu's feet.
- 5 And then the Saints shall join to tell,  
How Jesus sav'd their souls from Hell,  
Parents and Children joyful meet,  
Kindred and friends each other greet ;  
In streams of bliss our souls shall roll,  
And shout God's praise from pole to pole—  
Oh ! how I long to be at rest,  
And lean on Jesu's lovely breast,

HYMN LXIV—*Longing to see Jesus.*

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above,  
And drink the flowing fountain  
Of everlasting love.  
When shall I be deliver'd  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before,  
He's given me my orders,  
And tells me not to fear.  
And if I hold out faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers,  
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd  
To conquer though I die,  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu,  
And you my friends prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with trials,  
And troubles on the way,  
Cast all your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray ;  
Gird on the gospel armor,  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
And when the combat's ended,  
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 O do not be discourag'd  
For Jesus is your friend,  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not forget to lend ;  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though often you request,  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you up to rest.
- 

HYMN LXV— *Part the Second.*

- 1 O HEAR a solemn warning,  
Hark how the trumpet blows !  
It is, the Lord of glory  
That sends the gospel news :  
Come and accept his offers,  
Before it be too late,  
For Jesus is now calling,  
Before he shuts the gate.
- 2 Come let us go together,  
And join with heart in hand,  
For Jesus is our Captain,  
'Tis he that leads the band.  
The trumpet is now sounding,  
It calls for volunteers,  
Come like a valiant soldier,  
And cast away your fears.
- 3 Come who will list with Jesus,  
A soldier's life to try,  
Become his faithful subject,  
No more his cause deny,  
He's food and raiment plenty,



Enough and for to spare ;  
 All things he has provided,  
 To lessen all your care.

4 Then let us all remember,  
 How the *Israelites* were fed,  
 When from the hands of *Pharaoh*,  
 By *Moses* they were led.  
 The pillar went before them,  
 And *Moses* with his rod,  
 No doubt but we shall win the day,  
 If we but trust in God.

5 Our enemies are many,  
 On every side they stand,  
 Then let us go together,  
 With weapons in our hand ;  
 Let us begin the battle,  
 Like *David* with his sling—  
 And fight with courage brave and bold,  
 For *Jesus Christ* our king.

6 Then when the war is ended,  
 We'll lay our weapons by,  
 And fly aloft to *Jesus*,  
 To reign above the sky.  
 In peace we'll wear the *Laurel*,  
 When all our foes are slain,  
 And range the boundless ocean,  
 Where joys forever reign.

---

HYMN LXVI—*An Experience of one only  
 Justified.*

1 COME all you weary pilgrims, who feel  
 your need of *Christ*,

Surrounded by temptations and by the world  
despis'd.

Attend to what I tell you, my exercise I'll  
show,

And then you may inform me, if it be so  
with you.

1 Long time I liv'd in darkness nor saw my  
dang'rous state,

And when I was awaken'd, I thought it was  
too late ;

A lost and helpless sinner, myself I plainly  
saw,

Expos'd to God's displeasure, condemned by  
his law.

3 I thought the brute creation, were better off  
than me,

I spent my days in anguish, no pleasure  
could I see,

Through deep distress and sorrow, my Sa-  
viour led me on,

Reveal'd to me his kindness, when almost  
hope was gone.

4 When first I was deliver'd, I scarcely could  
believe,

That I so vile a sinner such favours could  
receive ;

Althoug' his solemn praises were flowing  
from my tongue,

Yet fears were oft suggested, that still I might  
be wrong.

5 But soon those fears were banish'd and tears  
began to flow,

That I so vile a sinner, should be beloved so ;  
I thought my trials over, and all my troubles  
gone,

That joy, and peace, and pleasure, should be  
my lot alone.

6 But now I find a warfare, that often brings  
me low,

The world, the flesh, and Satan, they do  
beset me so ;

Can one who is a christian have such a heart  
as mine,

I fear I never felt the effects of love divine.

7 And when I see young converts, how swift  
they travel on :

How shining their example, their witness  
like the sun !

How bold they speak for Jesus, how sweet  
they praise his name !

Although they give me pleasure, they put  
my soul to shame.

8 Sometimes I find I'm backward to do my  
master's will,

Or else I want the glory of what I do fulfil :  
In duties I feel weakness and often times  
I find,

A hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wand-  
ering mind.

9 Sure others do not feel what is often felt by  
me,

Such trials and temptations perhaps they ne-  
ver see ;

I've been the chief of sinners, I humbly own  
with Paul,

O. if I am a Christian, I am the least of all.

- 10 And now I have related what trials I have  
seen,  
Perhaps my brethren know what such sore  
temptation mean ;  
I've told you of my conflicts, believe my  
friends its true,  
And now you may inform me if it be so with  
you.
- 

HYMN LXVII.—*Redemption.*

- 1 COME friends and relations let's join  
heart and hand,  
The voice of the Turtle, is heard in our land ;  
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,  
We'll march to the place where redemption  
is found,
- 2 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,  
You can't see the sorrowful state you are in ;  
You're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain ;  
O how can such rebels redemption obtain.
- 3 The place is obscured and darkly conceal'd  
Nor can mortals know it, until it's reveal'd :  
The place is in Jesus to him we will go,  
And there find redemption from sorrow and  
woe.
- 4 And if you are wounded and bruise'd by  
the fall,  
Rise up and press forward, for you he doth  
call :  
Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,  
Then come unto Jesus redemption is there.

- 5 And you my dear brethren, that love my  
dear Lord,  
Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in his  
word,  
Let patience attend you where ever you go.  
Your Saviour hath purchased redemption for  
you,
- 6 We read of commotions and sights in the  
skies,  
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in  
disguise,  
And when you shall see all these tokens ap-  
pear,  
Then hold up your heads, your redemption  
draws near.
- 7 O then the ARCH ANGEL, the trumpet shall  
sound,  
  
And awake all the nations who sleep under  
ground,  
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,  
To meet your redemption, with love and  
surprise.
- 8 And then loving Jesus, our souls will re-  
ceive.  
From bonds of corruption, our bodies relieve;  
We all shall be happy, completely set free,  
And sing of redemption wherever we be,
- 9 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from  
death,  
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from  
the earth,



Redeemed from sorrow, redeem'd from all  
 woe,  
 We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

- 10 Redeemed from pain, and redeem'd from  
 distress,  
 The fruits of redemption no tongue can ex-  
 press  
 Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus's love,  
 We'll sing of redemption in Heaven above.
- 

HYMN VXIII.—*Hosannah to Jesus.*

**H**OSANNAH, to Jesus I am fill'd with  
 his praises,  
 Come O my dear brethren and help me to  
 sing,  
 No theme is so charming, no love is so  
 warming,  
 It gives joy and gladness, and comfort  
 within.

- 2 *Hosannah*, is ringing, O how I love singing,  
 There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his  
 name ;

The Angels in glory, repeat the glad story,  
 Of Jesus's love, which is made known to  
 men.

- 3 *Hosannah*, to Jesus who died to save us,  
 I'll serve him, and love him where ever I go,  
 He's now gone to Heaven, the spirit is given,  
 To quicken and comfort his children below.

- 4 *Hosannah*, forever, his grace like a river,  
Is rising and spreading all over the land,  
His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,  
And Sinners are feeling the heavenly flames
- 5 *Hosannah*, to Jesus, my soul how it pleases,  
To see Sinners falling and crying to God,  
To see them now rising, 'tis truly surprising,  
They've found peace and pardon in Jesus's  
blood.
- 6 *Hosannah* is ringing, O how they are singing,  
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love,  
The sound goes to heaven, the spirit is given,  
It rolls through my soul from the mansions  
above.
- 7 *Hosannah*, to Jesus, my soul feels him pre-  
cious,  
In sweet streams of glory, he comes from  
above,  
My heart is now glowing, I feel his love  
flowing,  
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.
- 8 *Hosannah* is ringing, the Saints they are  
singing,  
And marching to glory, in bright royal bands,  
Come on my dear brethren let's all go to hea-  
ven,  
For Jesus invites us, with crowns in his  
hands.
- 9 *Hosannah*. to Jesus, my soul sweetly rises,  
I'll soon be exploring some happier clime,

When I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his  
praises,  
And with him in Glory, eternally shine.

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HYMN LXIX.—*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **E**ARLY my God without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.  
So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath the burning sky ;  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,  
Through all thy temple shine ;  
My God repeat that Heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.  
Nor life itself with all its joys,  
Can my best passion move ;  
Or raise so high her cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 3 Not all the blessings of a feast,  
Can please my soul so well ;  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.  
Thus 'till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.
-

HYMN LXX—*Wedding Hymn.*

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear  
To grace a marriage feast ;  
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,  
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands :  
Their union with thy favor crown,  
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best !  
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,  
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking each their share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,  
In pray'r and faith and hope ;  
And see with joy a godly seed,  
To build their household up :
- 6 As *Isaac and Rebecca*, give  
A pattern chaste and kind ;  
So may this married couple live,  
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On ev'ry soul assembled here,  
O make thy face to shine ;  
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,  
Than richest food or wine.

HYMN LXXI—*The Consolation.*

- 1 **M**Y span of life will soon be done,  
The passing moments say ;  
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead,  
Proclaim the close of day.  
" O that my heart might dwell aloof,  
From all created things,"  
And learn that wisdom from above,  
Whence true contentment springs !
- 2 Courage, my soul ! thy bitter cross,  
In every trial here,  
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,  
But shall not enter there.  
The sighing ones that humbly seek  
In sorrowing paths below,  
Shall in eternity rejoice,  
Where endless comforts flow.
- 3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,  
Of sublunary care,  
And life's dull vanities no more  
This anxious breast ensnare.  
Courage, my soul, on God rely,  
Deliv'rance soon will come,  
A thousand ways has providence,  
To bring believers home.
- 4 'Ere first I drew this vital breath,  
From nature's prison free,  
Crosses in number, measure, weight,  
Were written Lord for me.  
But now my Shepherd friend and guide,  
Has led me kindly on.  
'Taught me to rest my fainting head,  
On Christ the corner stone.



- 5 So comforted and so sustain'd  
 With dark events I strove,  
 And found them rightly understood,  
 All messengers of love ;  
 With silence and submissive awe,  
 Ador'd a chastening God,  
 Rever'd the terrors of his law,  
 And humbly kiss'd the rod.

— — —  
 HYMN LXXII. — *The New-Birth.*

- 1 **A**WAK'D by *Sinai's* awful sound,  
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
 And knew not where to go,  
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain,  
 The Sinner must be born again,  
 Or sink in endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd, I stood and could not tell,  
 Which way to shun the gates of Hell,  
 (For death and Hell drew near : )  
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain,  
 The Sinner must be born again,  
 Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
 It pour'd its curses on my head,  
 I no relief could find :  
 This truth renewing all my pain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did *Sinai's* thunder roll,  
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,

A vast and pond'rous load?  
 Alas ! I read and saw it plain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or drink the wrath of God.

5 Tho' oft I heard the Preachers tell,  
 How Jesus conquer'd earth and hell,  
 And broke the fowler's snare ;  
 Yet still I found this truth remain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or sink in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
 Jesus of Naz'reth passed that away,  
 And felt his pity move ;  
 Although I might be justly slain,  
 He spoke and I was born again,  
 And sung redeeming love.

7 To Heav'n the joyful tidings flew,  
 The Angels tun'd their harps anew,  
 And loftier notes did raise ;  
 All hail ! the lamb that once was slain,  
 That millions might be born again,  
 And shout an endless praise.

---

HYMN LXXIII—*Christian Union.*

1 O UR souls by love together knit,  
 Cemented, join'd in one,  
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
 'Tis Heav'n on earth begun.  
 Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,  
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;

He stop'd, and talk'd, and fed and bless'd,  
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

## CHORUS.

*A Saviour let creation sing,  
A Saviour let all Heaven ring,  
He is God with us, we feel him our's,  
His fulness in our souls he pours ;  
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,  
We're joining those who are gone before,  
We soon shall meet to part no more.  
We soon shall meet to part no more.*

- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,  
Let trembling cowards fly ;  
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,  
With Christ to live and die.  
Let Devil's rage, and Hell assail,  
We'll cut our passage through,  
Let foes unite, and friends all fail,  
We'll seize the crown our due.  
*A Saviour. &c.*

- 3 The little cloud increases fast,  
The Heavens are big with men,  
We haste to catch the teeming show'r  
And all its moisture drain :  
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,  
Yet pour the mighty flood,  
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
'Till all proclaim thee God.  
*A Saviour, &c.*

- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
And set'st thy starry crown ;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shiae,  
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;  
 May we a little band of love,  
 Be Sinners saved by grace,  
 From glory into glory chang'd,  
 Behold thee face to face.  
*A Saviour, &c.*

---

# HYMN LXXIV—*Stop poor Sinner.*

- 1 **S**TOP poor sinner, stop and think,  
 Before you farther go,  
 Can you sport upon the brink,  
 Of everlasting woe !  
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,  
 Vengeance waits the dread command,  
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
 And sink you with the damn'd.

## CHORUS.

*Then be entreated now to stop,  
 For unless you warning take,  
 'Ere you are aware, you'll drop,  
 Into a burning Lake.*

- 2 Say have you an arm like God,  
 That you his will oppose ?  
 Fear you not that iron rod,  
 With which he breaks his foes ?  
 Can you stand in that great day,  
 When his judgment will proclaim ?  
 When the earth shall melt away,  
 Like wax before the flame ?  
*Then be entreated, &c.*

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
And drag you to the bar :  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair.  
All your sins around you'll crowd —  
Sins of a blood crimson dye ;  
Each for vengeance cries aloud,  
And what will you reply ?  
*Then be entreated, &c.*

4 Tho' your heart be made of steel  
Your forehead lin'd with brass,  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass.  
Sinners then in vain will call,  
'Tho' they now despise his grace,  
" Rocks and mountains on us fall,"  
" And hide us from his face,"  
*Then be entreated, &c.*

5 But now is time there is a hope,  
You may his mercy know :  
Tho' his arm be lifted up,  
He still forbears the blow.  
It was for sinners Jesus dy'd,  
Sinners he invites to come ;  
None that comes shall be deny'd,  
He says there still is room.  
Once again I charge you stop  
For unless you warning take,  
Ere you are aware, you'll drop  
Into a burning lake !

---



HYMN LXXV.—*The Saviour's Call*

- 1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,  
 He now is passing by ;  
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
 And heard thy mournful cry ;  
 He has pardons to impart,  
 Grace to save thee from thy fears,  
 See the love that fills his heart,  
 And wipes away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,  
 And tell him all thy case ?  
 He will not pronounce thy doom,  
 Nor frown thee from his face :  
 Wilt thou fear Emanuel ?  
 Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,  
 Who to save thy soul from hell  
 Has shed his precious blood ?
- 3 Think, how on the cross he hung,  
 Pierc'd with a thousand wounds  
 Hark from each as with a tongue,  
 The voice of pardon sounds !  
 See from all his bursting veins,  
 Blood of wond'rous virtue flow !  
 Shed to wash away thy stains,  
 And ransom thee from woe.
- 4 Though his Majesty be great,  
 His mercy is no less ;  
 Tho' he thy transgressions hate,  
 He feels for thy distress :  
 By himself the Lord has sworn.  
 He delights not in thy death,  
 But invites thee to return,  
 That thou may'st live by faith.

- 5 Raise thy down-cast eyes and see,  
 What throngs his throne surround,  
 These, tho' sinners once like thee,  
 Have full salvation found ;  
 Yield not then to unbelief !  
 While he says, " There yet is room,"  
 Tho' of sinners thou art chief,  
 Since Jesus calls thee come.



### HYMN LXXVI—*The Happy Christian.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my heart with love inflame  
 That I may in thy holy name,  
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,  
 While I have breath to raise my voice ;  
 Then will I shout, then will I sing,  
 And make the heavenly arches ring :  
 I'll sing and shout for ever more,  
 On that eternal happy shore.
- 2 O hope of Glory Jesus come,  
 And make my heart thy constant home ;  
 For the short remnant of my days,  
 I want to shout and sing thy praise ;  
 Incessantly I want to pray,  
 And live rejoicing every day ;  
 And to give thanks in every thing,  
 And sing and shout and shout and sing.
- 4 When on my dying bed I lay,  
 Lord give me strength to sing and pray ;  
 To praise thee with my latest breath,  
 Until my tongue is still in death :  
 Then brethren, Sisters, shouting come,  
 My body follow to the tomb ;

And as you march the solemn road,  
Loud sing and shout the praise of God,

- 4 Then you below and I above,  
We'll sing and shout the God we love,  
Until that great tremendous day,  
When he shall call our slumbring clay ;  
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,  
And shout O death where is thy sting  
O grave where is thy victory,  
We'll shout through all eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,  
Well done, the sovereign of the skies,  
Shall smiling to his children say,  
Come reign with me in endless day ;  
Then on that happy, happy, shore,  
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er  
Well sing and shout, and shout and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring.
- 

### HYMN LXXVI.—*Bound for Heaven.*

- 1 **Y**E souls, who are now bound for Heaven,  
Oh come join and help me to sing,  
An anthem of praise unto Jesus,  
My Prophet, my Priest, and my King ;  
These notes, are so soft and melodious,  
They'll help you most sweetly to move,  
When Jesus, himself is the leader,  
Who draws you with cords of his love,
- 2 When Jesus beheld me in nature,  
Pursuing the road unto pain,  
He brought me my sins to discover,

Then cleansed my soul from the stain,  
How sweet were the accents of pardon,  
How quickly my guilt did remove,  
When I could behold the sweet wonder,  
That God such a sinner should love.

3 And now I am pressing for Canaan,  
Tho' Jordan is rolling before,  
Which causes me almost to tremble,  
To hear how its billows do roar.  
But Jesus, can calm the loud ocean,  
And cause its loud raging to cease,  
If faith, Hope and Love are in motion,  
I'll walk thro' the Valley in peace.

4 His rod, and his staff shall console me,  
His Shepherd like voice we shall hear,  
Then why shou'd its raging affright me,  
Since Jesus will be with me there ;  
On seraphic wings I'll be soaring,  
To join the bright spirits above ;  
There ever to praise and adore him,  
Who brought me to feast on his love.

5 Oh ! Christians, I feel myself happy,  
In anticipating this joy,  
We shortly in love shall be feasting,  
Which never can, never can cloy.  
O, Sinners it grieves me to leave you,  
Once more I entreat you to go,  
Oh ! hasten and fly unto Jesus,  
The Gospel's inviting you now.

6 Dear Mourners, I view your condition,  
With pleasure that's mixed with pain,

You're sick but the gracious Physician,  
 Has bid you to trust in his name,  
 Of seeking, pray do not be weary,  
 Tho' dead he can make you revive,  
 The means of your cure is quite easy,  
 When ready but look and you'll live.

- 7 Take courage you conquering Soldiers,  
 Death shortly will sound a retreat,  
 And then all your arms will be grounded,  
 At Jesus, your General's feet ;  
 Eternity then will be ringing,  
 Salvation to God and the Lamb,  
 Oh ! Christians I long to be singing,  
 With Angels the praise of his name,

—•—

HYMN LXXVII.—*The Honey Comb,*

- 1 COME and taste along with me,  
 Consolation running free,  
 From the Father's wealthy throne,  
 Sweeter than the Honey Comb.

CHORUS.

*And you'll praise God and I'll praise God,  
 We'll all praise God together ;  
 We'll praise the Lord for the work that he  
 has done,  
 And Glory be to God for ever.*

- 2 Wherefore should we feast alone,  
 Two are better far than one ;  
 If all should come with a good will,  
 'Twill make the banquet sweeter still.  
*And you'll praise God, &c.*



- 3 Now I'll go to Heav'ns door,  
Asking for a little more ;  
Jesus is so gracious still,  
'The thirsty soul he's sure to fill.  
*And you'll praise God, &c.*
- 4 Love is flowing like a stream,  
Thro' the new Jerusalem ;  
And by constant breaking forth,  
Sweetens Earth and Heaven both.  
*And you'll praise God, &c.*
- 5 Sinful nature, prone to vice,  
Is not stronger than free grace ;  
While there is a God to give,  
Or a Sinner to receive.  
*And I'll praise God, &c.*
- 6 Saints and Angels, sing aloud,  
See and hear the Heavenly croud ;  
Coming in at mercy's door,  
Making still the number more.  
*And you'll praise God, &c.*
- 7 Heavens here and heav'ns there,  
Comfort flowing ev'ry where,  
This I gladly do confess,  
That my soul has got a taste.  
*And you'll praise God, &c.*
- 8 Now I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume ;  
Finding manna on the road,  
Dropping from the throne of God.  
*And you'll praise God, &c.*

HYMN LXXVIII.—*Lo he cometh.*

- 1 **D**ON'T you see my Jesus coming,  
 Don't you see him in the cloud !  
 With ten thousand Angels round him,  
 Hark how they shout his praise aloud !

## CHORUS.

*I will arise and go and meet him,  
 He'll embrace me in his arms,  
 In the arms of my dear Jesus,  
 O, there are ten thousand charms !*

- 2 Don't you see his arms extended,  
 Don't you hear his charming voice,  
 Each loving heart beats high for glory,  
 O ! my Jesus is my choice.  
*I will arise, &c.*

- 3 Don't you see the Saints ascending,  
 Hear them shouting thro' the air,  
 Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,  
 Now his glory they shall share.  
*I will arise, &c.*

- 4 Don't you see the Heavens open !  
 And the saints in glory there,  
 Shouts of triumph bursting round you,  
 Glory, glory, glory here !  
*I will arise, &c.*

- 5 Come Backsliders, though you've pierc'd him  
 And have caused his Church to mourn ;  
 Yet you may regain free pardon,  
 If you will to him return.  
*I will arise, &c.*

- 6 Now behold each loving spirit,  
Shout the praises of his name,  
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,  
While his presence feeds the flame,  
*I will arise, &c.*
- 7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,  
By our dear Redeemer's side ;  
Shouting glory, glory, glory,  
While eternal ages glide,  
*I will arise, &c.*
- 

HYMN LXXIX — *Invitation*

- 1 O H ! who will come and go with me,  
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,  
I'll join with Saints that's gone before,  
Where sins and sorrows are no more,
- 2 A few more rolling years at most,  
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast,  
There on the hill of sweet repose,  
I'll bid adieu to all my woes.
- 3 O may my soul march boldly on,  
And never end the blessed song,  
O may I always persevere,  
And never stop 'till I get there,
- 4 O what a happy time t'will be,  
When I my friends in Heav'n shall see,  
There we may tell our sufferings o'er,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

- 5 O Christians we have Heav'n to day,  
It shines around with dazzling ray,  
It makes me happy while I sing,  
And shout salvation to my King.
- 6 I hope to shout eternal rounds,  
In flaming love which has no bounds,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
Then this shall be my theme above.
- 7 O what a happy company,  
May I be there that sight to see,  
And join in praise to Jesu's name,  
All glorious in Jerusalem.
- 8 I little thought he'd been so nigh,  
His speaking made me laugh and cry,  
He said, I've come for thee my love,  
I have a place for you above.
- 9 Now here's my heart and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
My hand again I give to thee,  
Hoping thy face in heav'n to see.
- 

HYMN LXXX.—*The successful resolve—*  
ESTHER, IV c. 14 v.

- 1 COME, humble Sinner in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come with your guilt and fear opprest,  
And make this last resolve.
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus tho' my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;

I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach.  
Whose sceptre pardon gives,  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolv'd to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die."
- 

HYMN LXXXI—*Difficulties in the way of duty surmounted. "Hinder me not," Gen 24. 26.*

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue :  
*Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,*  
For I must go with you.
- 2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes :  
*Hinder me not, shall be my cry,*  
Though earth and hell oppose.



- 3 Through duty and through trials too  
 I'll go at his command ;  
*Hinder me not*, for I am bound,  
 To my Emanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be.  
*Hinder me not*, come welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee.
- 

HYMN LXXXII. — *Exceeding great and precious promises 2 Pet. i. 4.*

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
 Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word,  
 What more can he say than to you he hath  
 said ?  
 You, who unto *Jesus* for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every Condition, in sickness, in health,  
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth :  
 At home and abroad on the land, on the sea,  
 ' As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
 ' ever be.
- 3 ' Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
 ' For I am thy *God*, and will still give thee aid ;  
 ' I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
 ' to stand.  
 ' Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 ' When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 ' The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;

- ' For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 ' And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 ' When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,  
 ' My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
 ' The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design  
 ' Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to  
   refine.
- 6 ' Even down to old age, all my people shall  
   prove  
 ' My grace is eternal, unbounded my love ;  
 ' And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
   adorn,  
 ' Like Lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
   borne.
- 7 ' The soul that on *Jesus*, hath lean'd for re-  
   pose,  
 ' *I will not, I will not*, desert to his foes ;  
 ' That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to  
   shake,  
   *I'll never, no never, no never forsake.*
- 

HYMN LXXXIII.—*My God my heaven my all*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
   To mansions in the skies,  
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
   And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
   And fiery darts be hurl'd  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
   And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall :  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God my heav'n my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
 In seas of heav'nly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll,  
 Across my peaceful breast.



### HYMN LXXXIV—*Friendship.*

- 1 **W**E wish to live in friendship,  
 And shew our love to all men ;  
 For surely, surely, surely we may,—  
 We who enjoy the love of God.  
 Are bound to live in union !  
 For Jesus, Jesus, hath dy'd on the tree ;  
 To save his faithful children,  
 From violence and discord ;  
 So let us join together,  
 To seek his rich salvation,  
 'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God,  
 To give his Son for all men.  
 How happy, happy all might be ?
- 2 On a feast day in ancient times,  
 Jesus stood thus crying,  
 Who so thirsteth, let every one  
 Come unto me and freely drink,  
 And thus be sav'd from dying ;  
 For surely, surely there's nothing else can,  
 Quench the immortal thirst,  
 That in our hearts is glowing,

- Then come and taste the streams of grace,  
Which are so freely flowing,  
Saying drink my love my only dove,  
And keep the grace a growing,  
Then happy, happy you shall be,
- 3 Let us who have begun to taste,  
The sweets of this salvation,  
Follow, follow, let us follow on,  
Believing we shall overcome,  
Resisting all temptation,  
Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the son  
With out-stretch'd arms expanded,  
And voice that's so enticing,  
To purling streams of purest joy,  
Is thus our souls inviting  
Let us impart to him our hearts?  
By faith and love uniting,  
Then happy, happy we shall be.
- 

PART II.—*Friendship.*

- 1 **T**HE sacred ties of friendship  
Unite all loving Christians,  
In glory, in glory, they shall live;  
No time or place shall alter them,  
And death shall ne'er dissolve them,  
So firmly united are they that believe,  
When Gabriel's trump is sounding,  
And conquer'd death's resigning,  
The scatter'd dust uniting,  
The soul and body joining,  
Forming the grand procession,  
And glory realizing,  
Then happy, happy, we shall be.

- 2 The bliss exquisite flowing,  
 The friends of JESUS shouting,  
 Such raptures, raptures flow from his word ;  
 The Angels join in concert,  
 While Jesus stands inviting,  
 Come on, come on ye blessed of the Lord.  
 Behold the crown of glory.  
 And Saints and angels meeting;  
 And living streams of purest joys,  
 Forever are increasing ;  
 In azure fields forever range,  
 And view a smiling Jesus,  
 Then happy, happy we shall be.
- 3 The sinner's now lamenting,  
 He sees the grand procession  
 Marching, marching to the dazzling throne ;  
 His frightful soul alarmed,  
 He cries with looks amaz'd.  
 Farewell, farewell, I am forever gone ;  
 Behold a Godly Father,  
 And there a pious Mother,  
 How did they pray together ;  
 They float on streams of pleasure,  
 And I am lost forever,  
 On waves of endless sorrow,  
 Then torment, torment is forever mine.
- 

HYMN LXXXV—*HOLY WAR.*

- 1 I'VE 'listed in the holy war ; sing glory,  
 glory, glory ;  
 Content with suffering soldiers fare ; sing glo-  
 ry, &c.



The joy prepared for suff'ring Saints  
Will make amends for ali,  
Hallelujah,

We are on our journey home.

---

HYMN XCIV.—*There is a holy city.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a holy city,  
A happy world above,  
Beyond the starry regions,  
Built by the God of love;  
An everlasting temple,  
And saints array'd in white,  
They serve their great Redeemer,  
They dwell with him in light.
- 2 This is no world of trouble,  
The God of peace is there;  
He wipes away their sorrows,  
He banishes their care :  
Their joys are still increasing :  
Their songs are ever new ;  
They praise the eternal Father,  
The Son and Spirit too.
- 3 The meanest child of glory  
Outshines the radiant sun ;  
But who can speak the splendor  
Of that eternal throne,  
Where Jesus sits exalted,  
In godlike Majesty ;  
The elders fall before him :  
The angels bend the knee.

- 4 Is this the man of sorrows,  
Who stood at pilot's bar,  
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,  
And by his men of war ?  
He seems a mighty conqu'ror,  
Who spoil'd the powers below,  
And ransom'd many captives  
From everlasting woe.
- 5 The hosts of saints around him,  
Proclaim his works of grace,  
The patriarchs and prophets,  
And all the Godly race ;  
Who speak of fi'ry trials  
And tortures on their way ;  
They came from tribulation  
To everlasting day.
- 6 Now with a holy transport,  
They tell their suff'rings o'er :  
Their tears and their temptations  
And all the pains they bore ;  
They turn and bow to Jesus,  
Who gain'd their liberty :  
Amidst our fiercest dangers,  
Our lives are hid in thee !
- 7 Long time was I invited  
To gain that heavn'ly rest,  
Grace made no hard condition,  
'Twas only to be bless'd :  
But earth's bewitching pleasures  
Inclin'd me long to stay ;  
I sought her dreams and shadows,  
And joys that pass away.

8 But now it is my purpose,  
The better way to find,  
To serve my great Creator,  
And leave my sins behind;  
In guilt's seducing mazes;  
I will no longer roam:  
I'll give my soul to Jesus,  
Who brings the ransom'd home.

9 And what shall be my journey,  
How long I'll stay below,  
Or what shall be my trials,  
Are not for me to know.  
In ev'ry day of trouble,  
I'll raise my thoughts on high—  
I'll think of the bright temple,  
And crowns above the sky.

—\*—\*—

HYMN XCV.—*All ye that have often been invited.*

1 **A**LL ye that have oft been invited to  
come,  
By the sound of the trumpet; O sinners return,  
And close in with Jesus while it's call'd to day,  
When the spirit's done striving it's too late to  
pray.

2 If you are yet hearing, as by the way side,  
And die unconverted, where will you abide?  
When the trumpet shall shake both the sea  
and the land,  
And call all the nations in judgment to stand.

3 All you gospel slighers, for you I do mourn;

*Reckman*

To think of your danger, and you unconcern'd;  
To think of that judgment, when all must  
appear,  
Poor sinners stand trembling with tormenting  
fear.

4 Your frolicks and past times wherein you  
delight,  
Will but aggravate you in that dreadful fright;  
To think on those sermons that you've heard  
in vain,  
All hopes gone forever of hearing again,

5 Then a final farewell to the Gospel's sweet  
sound,  
No God for to pity in the regions around ;  
No news of salvation in that dreadful place,  
But keen desperation instead of free grace.

6 O sinners take warning before it's too late,  
Fall down as a criminal at Jesus's feet ;  
Seek faith by repentance, which will make you  
free,  
And happy in Jesus forever you'll be.

7 Then when death shall lay your frail body  
down,  
You'll fly to the regions where you'll wear a  
crown ;  
The smiles that will come from sweet Jesus's  
face,  
Will make you adore him, and admire free  
grace.

*Reckman*

HYMN XCVI — *Young people all attention give*

- 1 **Y**OUNG people all attention give,  
And hear what I do say ;  
I want your souls in Christ to live,  
In everlasting day.
- 2 Remember you are hast'ning on  
To death's dark gloomy shade ;  
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,  
Your flesh in dust be laid.
- 3 Death's iron gate you must pass through,  
E're long my dear young friends ;  
Where then do you expect to go  
Where will your souls then land.
- 4 Pray meditate, before too late,  
While in a gospel land,  
Behold King Jesus at your gate,  
Most lovingly doth stand.
- 5 Young men, how can you turn your face,  
From such a glorious friend ?  
Will you refuse all joy and peace,  
Oh ! dont you see the end !
- 6 Will you pursue that dang'rous road,  
That leads to death and hell ?  
Will you refuse all peace with God,  
With Devils choose to dwell !
- 7 Young women too, what will you do,  
If out of Christ you die ?  
From all God's people you must go,  
To weep, lament and cry.



- 8 Where not the least relief can come,  
To mitigate your pain !  
No more with Christians then to sing  
No more with them to reign.
- 9 Good people all, I pray then view,  
The fountain open wide ;  
The spring of life which flows for you,  
Which flows from Jesu's side.
- 10 There you may drink in endless joy,  
And reign with Christ our king ;  
And with glad notes your songs employ,  
And Hallelujah's sing.
- 

HYMN XCVII.—*Hannah or the throne of  
Grace.*

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah press'd with grief  
Pour'd fourth her soul in pray'r  
She quickly found relief,  
And left her burden there :  
Like her, in every trying case,  
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,  
Her heart was pain'd and sad :  
But ere she went away,  
Was comforted and glad :  
In trouble what a resting place,  
Have they who know the throne of grace ?
- 3 Though men and devils rage,  
And threaten to devour ;  
The saints from age to age

Are safe from all their pow'r :  
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,  
By waiting at the throne of grace.

- 4 Eli her case mistook,  
How was her spirit mov'd  
By this unkind rebuke ?  
But God her cause approv'd.  
We need not fear a creature's face,  
While welcome at a throne of grace.

- 5 She was not fill'd with wine,  
As Eli rashly thought ;  
But with a faith divine,  
And found the help she sought ;  
Though men despise and call us base,  
Still let us join the throne of grace.

- 6 Men have not pow'r or skill,  
With troubled souls to bear ;  
Though they express good will,  
Poor comforters they are :  
But swelling sorrows sink apace,  
When we approach the throne of grace.

- 7 Numbers before have try'd  
And found the promise true,  
Nor yet one been deny'd  
Then why should I or you !  
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,  
And hasten to the throne of grace

- 8 As fogs obscure the light,  
And taint the morning air ;  
But soon are put to flight,  
If the bright sun appear ;  
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,  
By shining from the throne of grace.

## HYMN XCVIII.—Zacchæus.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree.  
And thought himself unknown :  
But how surpris'd was he,  
When Jesus call'd him down ?  
The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd ?  
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once  
Were painted in his face :  
" Does my name pronounce,  
And does he know my case ?  
Will Jesus deign with me to dine ?  
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."
- 3 Thus, where the Gospel's preach'd,  
And Sinners come to hear ;  
Their hearts are often reach'd,  
Before they are aware :  
The word directly speaks to them,  
And seems to point the sinner out by name.
- 4 'Tis curiosity  
Oft brings them in the way,  
Only the man to see,  
And hear what he can say ;  
But now the sinner starts to find,  
'The Preacher knows his inmost mind.
- 5 His long forgotten thoughts,  
Are brought again in view,  
And all his secret faults,  
Reveal'd in public too,  
Tho' compass'd with a crowd about,  
'The searching word has found him out.

- 6 While thus distressing pain  
And sorrow fills his heart ;  
He hears a voice again,  
That bids his fears depart ;  
Then like Zaccheus he is blest,  
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.
- 

HYMN XCIX. *Christ crucified.*

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross, my Lord I see,  
Bleeding to death for wretched me ;  
Satan and sin no more can move,  
For I am all dissolved in love.
- 2 His thorns and nails, pierce thro' my heart,  
In ev'ry groan I bear a part ;  
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
But see ! he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood ;  
Behold his side and venture near,  
T'An<sup>sw</sup>er of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;  
Only the fountain head above,  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel,  
Lord, more and more thy love reveal  
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim ?  
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
Revives my heart and charms my ear,  
Affords a balm for every wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN C—*Praise for the Fountain opened.*

ZACH. CHAP. XIII. 1.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from Emanuel's veins ;  
 And Sinners wash'd in that rich flood,  
 Loose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood;  
 Shall never loose its pow'r :  
 'Till all that will believe in God,  
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream,  
 Thy flowing wounds supply ;  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be 'till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;  
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
 (Unworthy tho' I be)  
 A rich, a blood-bought free reward,  
 A golden harp for me.
- 7 Then I am bound to sing thy grace,  
 And trust thy pow'r divine ;  
 'Till at thy feet I find my place,  
 And in thy glory shine.



## HYMN CI.

- 1 **L**O, I come with joy to do  
The master's blessed will ;  
Him in outward things pursue,  
And serve his pleasure still.  
Faithful to my Lord's command,  
I still will choose the better part ;  
Serve with careful Martha's hand,  
And humble Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil :  
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,  
Supported by his smile.  
Joyful thus by faith to show  
I find his service my reward,  
Ev'ry work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou O Lord in tender love  
Dost all my burdens bear,  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there.  
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,  
Midst multitudes alone,  
Sweetly waiting at thy feet  
'Till all thy will be done.
- 4 To the desert or the cell  
Let others blindly fly,  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Unhurt, unspotted I ;  
Here I find a house of prayer ;  
To which I inwardly retire ;  
Walking unconcern'd in care,  
And unconsum'd in fire.

- 5 Thou O Lord my portion art,  
Before I hence remove ;  
Now my treasure and my heart  
Are all laid up above :  
Far above all earthly things,  
While yet my hands are here employ'd ;  
Seize my soul the King of Kings,  
And freely talk with God.
- 6 O that all the world but knew  
Of living thus to thee ;  
Find their heaven begun below,  
And here thy goodness see ;  
Walk in all thy works prepar'd  
By thee to exercise their grace,  
'Till they gain their full reward,  
And see thy glorious face.
- 

## HYMN CII.

- 1 **S**TAND by thy feeble servant, Lord,  
And give him strength to preach thy  
word ;  
Inspire his soul with humble love,  
And help these people's hearts to move.
- 2 Dear hearers, see your Preacher spent ;  
In this great work to which he's sent ;  
Exhausting all his strength for you,  
And yet alas ! he's gained but few.
- 3 I'm willing still to spare no pains,  
But wait the spark that still remains,  
To save from Hell my fellow men,  
Lest they should never hear again.

The joy prepared for suff'ring Saints  
Will make amends for all,  
Hallelujah,

We are on our journey home.

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HYMN XCIV.—*There is a holy city.*

1 **T**HERE is a holy city,  
A happy world above,  
Beyond the starry regions,  
Built by the God of love ;  
An everlasting temple,  
And saints array'd in white,  
They serve their great Redeemer,  
They dwell with him in light.

2 This is no world of trouble,  
The God of peace is there ;  
He wipes away their sorrows,  
He banishes their care :  
Their joys are still increasing :  
Their songs are ever new ;  
They praise th'eternal Father,  
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory  
Outshines the radiant sun ;  
But who can speak the splendor  
Of that eternal throne,  
Where Jesus sits exalted,  
In godlike Majesty ;  
The elders fall before him :  
The angels bend the knee.

- 4 Is this the man of sorrows,  
Who stood at pilot's bar,  
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,  
And by his men of war?  
He seems a mighty conqueror,  
Who spoil'd the powers below,  
And ransom'd many captives  
From everlasting woe.
- 5 The hosts of saints around him,  
Proclaim his works of grace,  
The patriarchs and prophets,  
And all the Godly race;  
Who speak of fi'ry trials  
And tortures on their way;  
They came from tribulation  
To everlasting day.
- 6 Now with a holy transport,  
They tell their suff'rings o'er:  
Their tears and their temptations  
And all the pains they bore;  
They turn and bow to Jesus,  
Who gain'd their liberty:  
Amidst our fiercest dangers,  
Our lives are hid in thee!
- 7 Long time was I invited  
To gain that heavn'ly rest,  
Grace made no hard condition,  
'I was only to be bless'd:  
But earth's bewitching pleasures  
Inclin'd me long to stay;  
I sought her dreams and shadows,  
And joys that pass away.

- But now it is my purpose,  
The better way to find,  
To serve my great Creator,  
And leave my sins behind;  
In guilt's seducing mazes;  
I will no longer roam:  
I'll give my soul to Jesus,  
Who brings the ransom'd home.
- And what shall be my journey,  
How long I'll stay below,  
Or what shall be my trials,  
Are not for me to know.  
In ev'ry day of trouble,  
I'll raise my thoughts on high—  
I'll think of the bright temple,  
And crowns above the sky.



HYMN XCV.—*All ye that have often been invited.*

- ALL ye that have oft been invited to  
come,  
By the sound of the trumpet; O sinners return,  
And close in with Jesus while it's call'd to day,  
When the spirit's done striving it's too late to  
pray.
- If you are yet hearing, as by the way side,  
And die unconverted, where will you abide?  
When the trumpet shall shake both the sea  
and the land,  
And call all the nations in judgment to stand.
- All you gospel slights, for you I do mourn,



To think of your danger, and you unconcern'd;  
To think of that judgment, when all must  
appear,

Poor sinners stand trembling with tormenting  
fear.

4 Your frolics and past times wherein you  
delight,

Will but aggravate you in that dreadful fright;  
To think on those sermons that you've heard-  
in vain,

All hopes gone forever of hearing again,

5 Then a final farewell to the Gospel's sweet  
sound,

No God for to pity in the regions around;  
No news of salvation in that dreadful place,  
But keen desperation instead of free grace.

6 O sinners take warning before it's too late,  
Fall down as a crim'nal at Jesus's feet;  
Seek faith by repentance, which will make you  
free,

And happy in Jesus forever you'll be.

7 Then when death shall lay your frail body  
down,

You'll fly to the regions where you'll wear a  
crown;

The smiles that will come from sweet Jesus's  
face,

Will make you adore him, and admire free  
grace.

HYMN XCVI—*Young people all attention give,*

- 1 **Y**OUNG people all attention give,  
And hear what I do say ;  
I want your souls in Christ to live,  
In everlasting day.
- 2 Remember you are hast'ning on  
To death's dark gloomy shade ;  
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,  
Your flesh in dust be laid.
- 3 Death's iron gate you must pass through,  
E're long my dear young friends ;  
Where then do you expect to go  
Where will your souls then land,
- 4 Pray meditate, before too late,  
While in a gospel land,  
Behold King Jesus at your gate,  
Most lovingly doth stand.
- 5 Young men, how can you turn your face,  
From such a glorious friend ?  
Will you refuse all joy and peace,  
Oh ! dont you see the end !
- 6 Will you pursue that dang'rous road,  
That leads to death and hell ?  
Will you refuse all peace with God,  
With Devils choose to dwell !
- 7 Young women too, what will you do,  
If out of Christ you die ?  
From all God's people you must go,  
To weep, lament and cry.

8. Where not the least relief can come,  
 To mitigate your pain !  
 No more with Christians then to sing  
 No more with them to reign.
- 9 Good people all, I pray then view,  
 The fountain open wide ;  
 The spring of life which flows for you,  
 Which flows from Jesu's side.
- 10 There you may drink in endless joy,  
 And reign with Christ our king ;  
 And with glad notes your songs employ,  
 And Hallelujah's sing.
- 

HYMN XCVII.—*Hannah or the throne of Grace.*

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah press'd with grief  
 Pour'd fourth her soul in pray'r,  
 She quickly found relief,  
 And left her burden there :  
 Like her, in every trying case,  
 Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,  
 Her heart was pain'd and sad :  
 But ere she went away,  
 Was comforted and glad :  
 In trouble what a resting place,  
 Have they who know the throne of grace !
- 3 Though men and devils rage,  
 And threaten to devour ;  
 The saints from age to age

- F Are safe from all their pow'r ;  
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,  
By waiting at the throne of grace.
- 4 Eli her case mistook,  
How was her spirit mov'd  
By this unkind rebuke ?  
But God her cause approv'd.  
We need not fear a creature's face,  
While welcome at a throne of grace.
- 5 She was not fill'd with wine,  
As Eli rashly thought ;  
But with a faith divine,  
And found the help she sought :  
Though men despise and call us base,  
Still let us join the throne of grace.
- 6 Men have not pow'r or skill,  
With troubled souls to bear ;  
Though they express good will,  
Poor comforters they are :  
But swelling sorrows sink apace,  
When we approach the throne of grace.
- 7 Numbers before have try'd  
And found the promise true,  
Nor yet one been deny'd  
Then why should I or you !  
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,  
And hasten to the throne of grace
- 8 As fogs obscure the light,  
And taint the morning air ;  
But soon are put to flight,  
If the bright sun appear ;  
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,  
By shining from the throne of grace.

HYMN XCVIII.—*Zaccheus*.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree.  
 And thought himself unknown;  
 But how surpris'd was he,  
 When Jesus call'd him down?  
 The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd?  
 And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once  
 Were painted in his face:  
 "Does he my name pronounce,  
 And does he know my case?  
 Will Jesus deign with me to dine?  
 Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."
- 3 Thus, where the Gospel's preach'd,  
 And Sinners come to hear;  
 Their hearts are often reach'd,  
 Before they are aware:  
 The word directly speaks to them,  
 And seems to point the sinner out by name.
- 4 'Tis curiosity  
 Oft brings them in the way,  
 Only the man to see,  
 And hear what he can say;  
 But now the sinner starts to find,  
 The Preacher knows his inmost mind.
- 5 His long forgotten thoughts,  
 Are brought again in view,  
 And all his secret faults,  
 Reveal'd in public too,  
 Tho' compass'd with a crowd about,  
 The searching word has found him out.



- 6 While thus distressing pain  
And sorrow tills his heart ;  
He hears a voice again,  
That bids his fears depart ;  
Then like Zaccheus he is blest,  
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.
- 

HYMN XCIX. *Christ crucified:*

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross, my Lord I see,  
Bleeding to death for wretched me;  
Satan and sin no more can move,  
For I am all dissolved in love.
- 2 His thorns and nails, pierce thro' my heart;  
In ev'ry groan I bear a part ;  
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
But see ! he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood,  
Behold his side and venture near,  
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;  
Only the fountain head above,  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel,  
Lord, more and more thy love reveal  
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
Revives my heart and charms my ear,  
Affords a balm for every wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN C—*Praise for the Fountain opened.*

ZACH. CHAP. XIII. 1.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from Emanuel's veins ;  
 And Sinners wash'd in that rich flood,  
 Loose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,  
 Shall never loose its pow'r :  
 'Till all that will believe in God,  
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream,  
 Thy flowing wounds supply ;  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be 'till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;  
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
 (Unworthy tho' I be)  
 A rich, a blood-bought free reward,  
 A golden harp for me.
- 7 Then I am bound to sing thy grace,  
 And trust thy pow'r divine ;  
 'Till at thy feet I find my place,  
 And in thy glory shine.

## HYMN CI.

- 1 **L**O, I come with joy to do  
The master's blessed will ;  
Him in outward things pursue,  
And serve his pleasure still.  
Faithful to my Lord's command,  
I still will choose the better part ;  
Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
And humble Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil :  
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,  
Supported by his smile.  
Joyful thus by faith to show  
I find his service my reward,  
Every work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou O Lord in tender love  
Dost all my burdens bear,  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there.  
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,  
Midst multitudes alone,  
Sweetly waiting at thy feet  
'Till all thy will be done.
- 4 To the desert or the cell  
Let others blindly fly,  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Unhurt, unspotted I ;  
Here I find a house of prayer ;  
To which I inwardly retire ;  
Walking unconcern'd in care,  
And unconsum'd in fire,

5 Thou O Lord my portion art,  
 Before I hence remove ;  
 Now my treasure and my heart  
 Are all laid up above :  
 Far above all earthly things,  
 While yet my hands are here employ'd ;  
 Seize my soul the King of Kings,  
 And freely talk with God.

6 O that all the world but knew  
 Of living thus to thee ;  
 Find their heav'n begun below,  
 And here thy goodness see ;  
 Walk in all thy works prepar'd  
 By thee to exercise their grace,  
 Till they gain their full reward,  
 And see thy glorious face.

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### HYMN CII.

1 **S**TAND by thy feeble servant, Lord,  
 And give him strength to preach thy  
 word ;  
 Inspire his soul with humble love,  
 And help these people's hearts to move.

2 Dear hearers, see your Preacher spent,  
 In this great work to which he's sent ;  
 Exhausting all his strength for you,  
 And yet alas ! he's gained but few.

3 I'm willing still to spare no pains,  
 But wait the spark that still remains,  
 To save from Hell my fellow men,  
 Lest they should never hear again.

- 4 Lord, touch the hardest Sinners heart,  
That he may from his sins depart ;  
O may he now repent and turn,  
Lest he in Hell shall ever burn.
- 5 As Sampson in his latter days,  
Collects his strength, and thousands slays,  
So help me Lord to draw the bow,  
And grant that all thy power may know.



XYMN CIII—*Lovest thou me.*

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord,  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word,  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
" Say, poor Sinner lovest thou me."
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;  
Sought thee wand'ring set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bear ?  
Yes she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is a redeeming love,  
Higher than the heights above ;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done.



Partner of my throne shall be,  
Say, poor sinner lovest thou me ?”

- 6 Lord it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint ,  
Yet I love thee and adore,  
Oh for grace to love thee more !
- 

HYMN CIV.—*The pool or Bethesda.*

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool  
Appointed for the poor ;  
From year to year my helpless soul  
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen  
The healing waters move ;  
And others round me stepping in  
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,  
I feel the very same ;  
As full of guilt and fear and pain,  
As when at first I came.
- 4 O would the Lord appear,  
My malady to heal ;  
He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought  
Why should I longer lie ;  
Surely the mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I.
- 95

- 6 But whither can I go ?  
There is no other pool,  
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow  
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then from day to day,  
I'll wait and hope and try ;  
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
Yet suffer him to die ?
- 8 No, he is full of grace ;  
He never will permit  
A soul that fain would see his face  
To perish at his feet.
- 

## HYMN CV.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, the time is come, when we,  
Must part awhile below,  
May we each other's faces see,  
Where parting is no more.
- 2 My friends I bid you all farewell,  
In tears we part to-day ;  
May you and I in Jesus dwell,  
Who'll wipe all tears away.
- 3 Farewell, my friends, my dearest friends,  
With melting hearts we part ;  
Lord make us faithful to the end—  
Your souls lay near my heart,

- 4 Remember me, when I am gone,  
 Bear me before the Lord,  
 And of the danger you've been warn'd,  
 Therefore keep bright your sword.

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### HYMN CVI.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall  
 come,  
 To call thy ransom'd people home,  
 Shall I among them stand !  
 Shall such a wretched worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet amongst them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Tho' vilest of them all ;  
 But can I bear the piercing thought,  
 What if my name should be cast out,  
 When thou shalt for them call ?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,  
 Be thou dear Lord, my hiding place,  
 In this accepted day :  
 Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear,  
 Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
 When the arch-angel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face :  
 The loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding music ring,  
 With shouts of loudest praise.

HYMN CVII.—*The Complainer.*

- 1 **I** SET myself against the Lord,  
Despis'd his spirit and his word,  
And wish'd to take his place ;  
It vex'd me so, that I must die,  
And perish too eternally,  
Or else be sav'd by grace.
- 2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain—  
One spoke through pride, and one for gain,  
Another's learning's small,  
One spoke too fast, and one too slow,  
One pray'd too loud and one too low,  
Another had no call.
- 3 Some walk'd too straight to make a show,  
While others far too crooked go,  
And both of these I scorn ;  
Some odd fantastic motions make.  
Some stoop too low, some stand too straight,  
No one is faultless born.
- 4 With no professor could I join,  
Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,  
And some would talk too long ;  
Some had a tone, some had no gift,  
Some talk too slow, and some too swift,  
And all of them were wrong.
- 5 I thought they'd better keep at home,  
Than to exhort where'er they come,  
And tell us of their joys ;  
They'd better keep their garden free,  
From weeds than to examine me,  
And vex me with their noise.

- 6 Kindred and neighbours too are bad,  
And no true friend is to be had,  
My rulers too are vile,  
At length I was brought for to see,  
The fault did mostly lie in me,  
And had done all the while.
- 7 The horrid load of guilt and shame,  
Being conscious too, I was to blame,  
Did wound my frightened soul ;  
I've sinn'd so much against my God,  
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,  
How can I be made whole.
- 8 Why there is balm in Gilead,  
And a physician to be had,  
The balsam is most free,  
Only believe on God's dear Son,  
Through him the victory is won,  
Christ Jesus dy'd for me.
- 9 O Christ's free love's a boundless sea  
What, to expire for such as me !  
Yes, 'tis a truth divine :  
My heart did melt, my soul o'er-run  
With love, to see what God had done,  
For souls so vile as mine.
- 10 Now I can hear a child proclaim,  
The joyful news and praise the name,  
Of Jesus Christ my King :  
I know no sect— Christians are one—  
With my complaints I now have done,  
And God's free grace I sing.

HYMN CVIII.—*Shortness of Time.*

- 1 **O**FT as the bell with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul :  
Let each one ask himself am I  
Prepar'd ? should I be call'd to die.
  - 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath,  
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown :
  - 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
  - 4 But could I bear to hear him say,  
Depart ye cursed, far away ;  
With Satan in the lowest hell,  
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell.
  - 5 Lord Jesus help me now to flee ;  
And seek my only rest in thee ;  
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,  
Subdue my sins, and in me live.
  - 6 Thus when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from sin I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next might toll for me,
-



HYMN CIX. — *Rejoice my Friends the  
Lord is King.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE my friends, the Lord is King,  
Let all prepare to take him in ;  
Let Jacob rise and Zion sing,  
And all the world with praises ring,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 2 O may the Saints of ev'ry name,  
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb ;  
May jars and discords cease to flame,  
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 3 I long to see the Christians join  
In union sweet and peace divine,  
When ev'ry church with grace shall shine,  
And grow in Christ the living vine,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 4 O may the desert lands rejoice,  
And mourners hear the bridegroom's voice,  
While songs of praise each tongue employs,  
And all obtain immortal joys,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 5 Come parents, children, bond and free,  
Come will you go to Heav'n with me,  
That glorious land of rest to see,  
And shout with me eternally,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 6 Come who will march to win the prize,  
And take the Kingdom in the skies,

Where love and union never dies,  
But always flows through paradise,  
And there we'll give him glory.

7 My soul grows happy while I sing,  
I feel that I am on the wing;  
I'll shout salvation to my King,  
'Till I to heav'n my trophies bring,  
And there we'll give him glory.

8 Those beauteous fields of living green,  
Through faith, the telescope, are seen,  
Though Jordan's billows roll between,  
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,  
And there we'll give him glory.

9 A few more days of pain and woe,  
A few more suff'ring scenes below,  
And then to Jesus we shall go,  
Where everlasting pleasures flow,  
And there we'll give him glory.

10 That awful trumpet soon will sound,  
And shake the vast creation round,  
And call the nations under ground,  
And all the Saints shall then be crown'd,  
And give to Jesus glory.

11 Ten thousand thunders then will roll,  
And rend the globe from pole to pole,  
How dreadful to the guilty soul;  
But nothing shall the saints controul,  
And give to Jesus glory.

12 Then we shall weep and part no more,  
When we have met on Canaan's shore,

For Zion's warfare now is o'er,  
Such shouts were never heard before,  
And there we'll give him glory.

13 There tears shall all be wip'd away,  
And Christians never go astray,  
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,  
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,  
And give to Jesus glory.

14 On Zion's brilliant mount we'll stand  
And view that holy heav'nly land,  
With palms of vict'ry in our hand,  
We'll shout with Heaven's triumphant band,  
And give to Jesus glory.

15 There all the saints shall join in one,  
And sing with Moses round the throne;  
Their troubles are forever gone,  
They'll shine with God's eternal son,  
And there we'll give him glory.

16 The rose and lilly there shall stand,  
In holy bloom at God's right hand,  
O how I long for Canaan's land,  
And there to join the shining band,  
And give to Jesus glory.

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HYMN CX.—*Salvation.*

1 **S**ALVATION to Jesus, he's Zion's bright  
King,  
O God with thy praises let all the earth ring,  
We hear from the East, from the West, South  
and North,

To conquer the nations, the Lord's going  
forth,

- 2 Salvation to Jesus, let all the world know,  
He died to redeem us from sorrow and woe ;  
He rose to declare our justify'd state,  
Come seek your salvation before it's too late.
- 3 Salvation to Jesus, he's now gone above,  
Where he will prepare for us mansions of  
love,  
He has sent down the comforter into the  
world,  
And causes salvation from Zion to roll.
- 4 Salvation to Jesus his mercy abounds,  
And sinners take shelter in his precious  
wounds,  
They are crying—and turning, and coming to  
God,  
And finding redemption in Jesus's blood.
- 5 Salvation to Jesus, my soul is alive,  
His word is now spreading—his work doth  
revive,  
Oh ! God shake the nations until they submit,  
And bow down with pleasure at Jesus's feet.
- 6 Salvation to Jesus my soul's in a flame,  
I rise in sweet rapture at the sound of his  
name,  
Shout all the creation below and above,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.
- 7 Salvation to Jesus, my soul's all on fire,  
I feel I am rising, but want to be higher,

- Oh ! Angels, Oh ! Angels, come lend me  
 your wings,  
 And I'll fly to my Jesus, the King of all Kings.
- 8 Salvation to Jesus, he'll quickly appear,  
 In bright shining glory, he's now drawing  
 near,  
 I'm going, my brethren, to meet him above,  
 Where I shall eternally feast on his love.
- 9 Salvation to Jesus, shall there be my song,  
 I'll meet all my brethren, around the white  
 throne,  
 With loud hallelujah's all Heav'n shall ring,  
 Salvation, Salvation ! to Jesus my King.
- 

HYMN CXI—*By Dr. Watts, in a Storm at  
 Sea.*

- 1 **W**HEN the fierce North-wind with his  
 airy forces,  
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,  
 And the red lightnings with a storm of Hail  
 comes,  
 Rushing amain down.
- 2 How the poor SAILORS, stand amaz'd and  
 tremble,  
 While the hoarse thunder like a bloody trum-  
 pet,  
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,  
 Quick to devour them.
- 3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,  
 If things eternal, may be like these earthly :

Such the dire terror when the great Arch-Angel,

Shakes the creation.

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,  
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,  
See the graves open ! and the bones arising,  
Flames all around them.

5 Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches,  
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,  
Stare through their eye lids, while the living  
worm lies

Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts like old vultures, prey upon their  
heart strings,  
And the smart twinges, while their eye be-  
holds the  
Lofty Judge frowning and a flood of Ven-  
geance,

Rolling afore him.

7 Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and  
shiver,  
While Devils push them to the pit wide yawn-  
ing,  
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them head-  
long,

Down to the centre.

8 Stop here my fancy—all away ye horrid,  
Doleful ideas, come arise to Jesus,  
Where he sits God-like, and the saints around  
him,

'Thron'd—yet adoring.

S.



- 9 O may I set there, when he comes triumphant,  
 Dooming the nations, then ascend to glory,  
 While loud Hosanna's all along the passage,  
 Shout the Redeemer.

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13 9

~~HYMN~~ CXII.—*On the DEATH of an INFANT.*—*I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.*—2. Sam. 12. 23.

- 1 **B**LOOMING innocence adieu !  
 Quickly ended, is thy race !  
 Thee caught up to heav'n we view,  
 Clasp'd in Jesu's soft embrace ;  
 Far from sorrow, grief and pain,  
 There forever to remain.
- 2 Lovely innocent, farewell !  
 All our pleasing hopes are o'er ;  
 Form'd in person to excel,  
 Thee we call our own no more :  
 Death hath snatch'd thee from our arms,  
 Heav'n shall give thee brighter charms.
- 3 Transient sojourner thou wast,  
 Born to travel to the sky ;  
 Just the Saviour's cup to taste,  
 Just to suffer and to die ;  
 Then thy spirit took its flight,  
 Soaring to the plains of light.
- 4 Ended is thy short-liv'd hour,  
 Lodg'd within the mould'ring tomb—  
 But the fair elysian flower  
 Rises to perpetual bloom,

Youth's engaging beauties now  
Smiles eternal on thy brow.

115  
35  

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95  
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5 Angels bear it on the wing!  
To th'etherial bright abode!  
Kindred Cherubs shout and sing!  
Greet the infant child of God!  
Safely landed, now at rest,  
Joyful always, always blest!

6 O my happy infant friend!  
Shall I thee again behold  
Jesus, now this warfare end,  
Come and take me to thy fold;  
Let me then, matur'd in love,  
Kiss my little friend above.

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**HYMN CXIII.—THE HERMIT.**

1 **A**T the close of the day, when the hamlet  
is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness  
prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the  
hill,  
And nought but the Nightingale's song in  
the grove:  
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
A hermit his song of the night thus began;  
No more with himself or with nature at war,  
He thought as a sage, while he felt as a  
man.

2 'Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and  
woe,

Why thus lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain !

For spring shall return and a lover bestow,  
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.

Yet if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,  
Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn :

O sooth him, whose pleasures like them pass away—

Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

3 Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :

But lately I mark'd when Majestic on high  
She shone and the planets were lost in her blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendour again.--

But man's faded glory no change shall renew ;  
Ah fool, to exult in a glory so vain !

4 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;

I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;

For morn' is approaching, your charms to restore,

Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn :

Kind nature the embryo—blossom will save  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering  
urn ;

O when shall it dawn in the night of the  
grave !

5 ' Twas thus, by the glare of false science be-  
tray'd,

That leads to bewilder ; and dazzles to  
blind ;

My thoughts wont to roam, from shade on-  
ward to shade

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

O pity great father of light, then I cry'd,  
Thy creature who fain would not wander  
from thee

Lo, humble in dust I relinquish my pride ;  
From doubt and from darkness thou only  
canst free.

6 ' And darkness and doubt are now flying a-  
way,

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,  
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of  
morn

See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph de-  
scending,

And nature all-glowing in Eden's first bloom?  
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses  
are blending.

And beauty immortal awakes from the  
tomb.'

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HYMN CXIV.—*The soul finds Christ the rock*

- 1 **W**E'VE found the rock the trav'lers  
     city'd,  
 The stone that all the prophets try'd :  
 Come children drink the balmy dew,  
 'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you.
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul,  
 Which sin and guilt had made so foul :  
 O that you would believe in God,  
 And wash in Jesu's precious blood.
- 3 O hearken children ! Christ is come,  
 The bride is ready, let us run :  
 I'm glad I ever saw this day,  
 That we might meet to praise and pray.
- 4 There's glory, glory in my soul,  
 Come mourner feel the current roll :  
 Welcome dear friend 'tis heav'n to night,  
 It shines around with dazzling light.
- 5 And in this light we'll soar away,  
 Where there's no night, but endless day ;  
 O Children, children ! bear the cross,  
 And count the world below as dross.
- 6 We'll bear the cross and wear the crown,  
 And by your Father's side sit down ;  
 His grace will feed our hungry souls,  
 While love divine eternal rolls.
- 7 His fiery chariots make their way,  
 To welcome us to endless day ;  
 There glitt'ring millions we shall join,  
 To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN CXV.—*Arise my dear love my undefiled dove.*

- 1 **A**RISE my dear love, my undefiled dove  
I hear my dear Jesus to say,  
The winter is past, the spring is come at last,  
My love, my dove come away.
- 2 The earth it is green, is fair to be seen,  
The little birds, chirping do say,  
That they do rejoice, in each other's voice  
My love, my dove come away.
- 3 All smiling in love, the young turtle dove,  
The flowers appearing in May,  
All speak forth the praise, of the ancient of  
days,  
My love, my dove come away.
- 4 Come away from all cares, those troublesome  
snares,  
That follow you, by night and by day,  
That you may be free, from the troubles that  
be ;  
My love, my dove come away.
- 5 Come away from all fear, that trouble you  
here,  
Come into my arms he doth say,  
That you may be clear, from the troubles you  
fear,  
My love, my dove come away.
- 6 Come away from all pride, from that raging  
tide,  
That makes you fall out by the way,



- Come learn to be meek, your Jesus to seek,  
My love, my dove come away.
- 7 To you that are old, whose hearts are grown  
cold,  
Your Jesus inviting doth say,  
That he's heard your cries in the north coun-  
tries,  
My love, my dove come away.
- 8 To you that are young, your hearts now are  
strong,  
Your Jesus invites you away,  
From Antichrist charms, to Jesus's arms ;  
My love, my dove come away.
- 9 And as to the youth, that have known the  
truth,  
Whose hearts here, have led them astray,  
Come hear to his voice, and you shall rejoice ;  
My love, my dove come away.
- 10 My dear children all, come hear to my call,  
Behold I stand knocking and say,  
My head's wet with dew, my children for you ;  
My love, my dove come away.
- 11 My fatlings are kill'd, my tables are fill'd,  
My maidens attending doth say,  
There's wine on the lees, as much as you  
please ;  
My love, my dove come away.
- 12 Come travel the road, that leads you to God,  
For it is a bright shining way,

Come follow your love, to the mansions above,  
My love, my dove come away.

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HYMN CXVI.—*Friend to the Poor.*

- 1 **I**T was the great former that formed us all,  
And after we fell, gave a general call ;  
He kindly reveal'd himself to be the door,  
And sent us a Saviour, a friend to the poor.
- 2 The great King of heaven and God of all grace  
Beheld with compassion our pitiful case ;  
Our sins he'll blot out and remember no more,  
Provided we trust in the friend to the poor.
- 3 He came not to call the worldly and wise,  
Nor yet the self righteous who closes their  
eyes,  
But the blest companions who should him  
adore,  
Is the blind and the maimed, the halt and the  
poor.
- 4 The fools and the haughty, he'll pass them all  
by,  
And those with excuses, he'll let them all lie,  
And go to the highways and bring in some  
more,  
Especially if he should light with the poor.
- 4 Come in, O ! come in, ye dear children of  
mine,  
All in your white robes like the sun you shall  
shine ;

- Come in and partake of my bountiful store,  
For now you are welcome although you are  
poor.
- 6 And if you are lacking love riches or grace,  
It all lies together in Jesus's face,  
And cloths of the finest that ever was wore.  
And a blessed salvation prepar'd for the poor.
- 7 Come all you poor beggars that do love my  
ways ;  
Come into my store-house and take what you  
please,  
Here's blessings of all sorts that's laid up in  
store,  
And a blessed salvation prepar'd for the poor.
- 8 And if you are doubting that good work of  
grace,  
Which Jesus has given to the human race,  
Then look on his word, for the promise is  
sure,  
And trust in a Saviour, a friend to the poor.
- 9 And if you are dead, dull and backward in  
prayer,  
Remember the Devil sets this for a snare,  
To catch your dear souls, and to close up the  
store,  
Of soul saving grace that's prepar'd for the  
poor.
- 10 O do not you tarry in poverty still ;  
As all were by nature but now drink your fill,  
And while you are drinking, O see you make  
sure,

Of the blessings which Jesus prepar'd for the poor.

- 11 If conscious of weakness, which sometimes  
we are,  
Then look unto Jesus and strength will appear,  
And if you're in dullness and prest very sore,  
O hasten to Jesus who is life to the poor.
- 12 Fare well my dear brethren, I bid you adieu,  
In all your temptations to Jesus prove true,  
And when all your sufferings and sorrows are  
o'er,  
He'll take you to heav'n, as a friend to the poor,
- 

HYMN CXVII.—*Ye travellers to Paradise,*  
*By T. Humphries.*

- 1 **Y**E travellers to Paradise, that happy, hap-  
py state,  
Whose names, and ways and spirits, a wicked  
world doth hate :  
Your high-way lies before you, and upwards  
doth ascend,  
To lead you on to glory, to see your dearest  
friend,
- 2 A friend that's nearer to you, than any brother  
here,  
Your Lord and only Saviour, your great re-  
deemer dear ;  
Who once a human body upon himself did  
take,  
Us sinners, heirs of glory, eternally to make.

- 3 Who suffer'd, bled and groan'd, and dy'd up-  
on the Roman cross,  
To make atonement for our sins, and to re-  
trieve our loss :  
He gain'd our pardon when he dy'd, and so  
remov'd the cause ;  
And then ascended up on high, to intercede  
for us.
- 4 Exalted there at God's right hand, the loving  
lamb doth sit.  
And shews his wounded body, his head, his  
hands, his feet.  
He pleads his matchless merit before his fa-  
ther's throne :  
And sends us down his spirit, and holds us out  
the crown.
- 5 O brethren, look up to the crown, and see how  
bright it shines,  
Exceeding far in beauty Diana's golden shrines  
Its value so extensive, surpassing human  
thought,  
So rich a crown was never yet for gold or sil-  
ver bought.
- 6 A crown of life, of endless joy, the gracious  
gift of God,  
To which we have a title by faith in Jesus'  
blood.  
If you your title still would hold, you still by  
faith may view ;  
The lamb once slain, but lives again to inter-  
cede for you.
- 7 Dont you grow faint and weary, as many a one  
has done !

But still pursue your journey, as you have  
well begun.

You're in a state of trial, but it will shortly end  
And you'll ascend to glory, to see your dear-  
est friend.

- 8 Not transiently to visit and then to earth re-  
move,  
But dwell forever with the Lord, and live up-  
on his love,  
There sin will never trouble you, temptations  
all are o'er,  
O brethren walk more upright, and love your  
Jesus, more.
- 

HYMN CXVIII—*Come you that know the Lord*

- 1 **C**OME you that know the Lord indeed,  
Who are from sin and bondage freed,  
Submit to all the ways of God,  
And walk the narrow, happy road.

- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,  
But soon shall walk the golden street;  
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,  
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

- 3 The happy day will soon appear,  
When Gabriel's trump you all shall hear,  
Sound through the earth and down to hell,  
To call the nations great and small.

- 4 Behold the righteous marching home,  
And all the Angels bid them come;



- Whilst Christ the Judge with joy proclaims,  
 ‘ Here comes my Saints, I own their names,
- 5 ‘ Ye everlasting doors fly wide,  
 ‘ Make room for to receive my bride,  
 ‘ Ye harps in Heaven sound aloud,  
 ‘ Here comes the purchase of my blood.’
- 6 In grandeur see the royal line,  
 In glitt’ring robes the Sun outshine !  
 See Saints and Angels join in one,  
 And march in splendor to the throne.
- 7 They stand with wonder and look on ;  
 They join in one eternal song,  
 The great redeemer to admire,  
 While raptures set their souls on fire.
- 

XYMN CXIX—*The benefit of Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
 In coming to the mercy seat ;  
 But who that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
 Prayer makes the Christians armour bright,  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest Saint upon his knees.

- 4 Were half the time that's vainly spent,  
To heav'n in supplication sent ;  
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,  
Hear what the Lord has done for me,
- 

HYMN CXX.—*I am on my way to Canaan;*

- 1 **I** AM on my way to Canaan,  
I'll bid this world farewell,  
Come on my old companions,  
In spite of earth or hell.  
Tho' Satan's army rages,  
And all his host combine,  
Yet scripture doth provide for us,  
The strength of grace divine.
- 2 I'll blow the Gospel Trumpet,  
And on the nations call,  
For Christ hath me commission'd  
To say he died for all,  
Come try his grace and prove him,  
You shall the gift obtain,  
He never will forbid you,  
Nor let you come in vain.
- 3 And if you want a witness,  
They're here now just at hand,  
Who've lately felt the sweetness,  
Which flows from Canaan's land ;  
It comes in copious showers,  
Our bodies can't contain,  
It fills our ransom'd powers,  
And soon we'll drink again.

- 4 The glories of this happy state,  
 My soul cannot describe,  
 I feel it now within me,  
 Christ's precious blood apply'd ;  
 O come into the Saviour's arms,  
 And you shall feel his love,  
 'Tis sweeter than all earthly charms,  
 It comes from heav'n above.
- 5 The glories of this kingdom,  
 I've often felt before,  
 Yet what I feel is but a taste,  
 Which makes me wish for more.  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd fly and be at rest,  
 Then should I rise to worlds above,  
 And live among the blest.
- 6 The tallest of the heavenly host,  
 This love can ne'er describe ;  
 Such brightness our bless'd Saviour puts,  
 Upon his heav'nly bride !  
 Ten thousand years may roll around,  
 We have but just begun,  
 To wear our robes and glitt'ring crowns,  
 Bright shining as the Sun.
- 

HYMN CXXI.—*What wond'rous love is this.*

- 1 **W**HAT wond'rous love is this,  
 O my soul ! O my soul !  
 What wond'rous love is this !  
 O my Soul !  
 What wond'rous love is this !

That caus'd the Lord of bliss !  
To send this precious peace,  
To my soul, to my soul !  
To send this precious peace, &c.

2 When I was sinking down,  
Sinking down, sinking down;  
When I was sinking down,  
Sinking down.  
When I was sinking down,  
Beneath God's righteous frown,  
Christ laid aside his Crown,  
For my soul, for my soul !  
Christ laid aside his crown, &c.

3 Ye winged Seraphs fly,  
Bear the news, bear the news.  
Ye winged seraphs fly,  
Bear the news.  
Ye winged Seraphs fly,  
Like Comets thro' the sky,  
Fill vast eternity !  
With the news ! With the news !  
Fill vast eternity, &c.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,  
Join his praise, join his praise,  
Ye friends of Zion's King,  
Join his praise.--  
Ye friends of Zion's King,  
With hearts and voices sing,  
And strike each tuneful string,  
In his praise, in his praise !  
And strike, &c.

- 5 To God and to the LAMB,  
 I will sing, I will sing,  
 To God and to the LAMB,  
     I will sing—  
 To God and to the Lamb,  
 Who is the great I AM,  
 While millions join the theme,  
 I will sing, I will sing!  
     While millions, &c.
- 6 And while from death I'm free,  
 I'll sing on, I'll sing on,  
 And while from death I'm free,  
     I'll sing on.  
 And while from death I'm free,  
 I'll sing and joyful be,  
 And through Eternity,  
 I'll sing on, I'll sing on,  
     And thro' Eternity, &c.
- 

HYMN CXXII.—*Comfort in Death.*

- 1 **W**HEN I obtain permission,  
 To leave this vale of tears,  
 Be thou my good Physician,  
 Dispel my doubts and fears;  
 O let me when expiring,  
 On thy dear breast recline,  
 Eternal life acquiring  
 From that pierc'd heart of thine.
- 2 Saviour apply the merit,  
 And comfort of thy blood,

When I give up my Spirit,  
To thee my Judge and God :  
Support me in my passage  
And then how glad and bold,  
I shall receive the message,  
And let my limbs grow cold.

- 3 The soul on thee believing,  
Goes safe to Paradise ;  
The body too receiving  
A purer form, shall rise :  
Spite of the grave's corruption,  
I shall thy glory see ;  
And sing of my adoption  
To all eternity.
- 

HYMN CXXIII—*The wondrous love of Jesus.*

- 1 **T**HE wondrous love of Jesus,  
From doubt and fears he frees us,  
With pitying eye he sees us,  
While toiling here below ;  
Through tribulation driven,  
We'll force our way to Heaven,—  
Through consolation given,  
Rejoicing on we'll go.

- 2 Companions now distressed,  
By Satan sore oppressed,  
Cheer up, you'll be deliver'd,  
Your Captain's just at hand—  
In ev'ry trying hour,  
He'll save you by his power,  
And bring you safe to shore,  
On Canaan's happy land.



3 O yonder is the glory,  
 It is but just before you,  
 And there we'll tell the story,  
 Of all redeeming love ;  
 And then we shall forever,  
 Drink of the flowing river,  
 And ever, and forever,  
 Surround the throne above.

4 There in the blooming garden,  
 Of Eden gain'd by pardon,  
 And on the banks of Jordan,  
 We'll worship the Lamb—  
 And sing the song of Moses,  
 While Jesu's love composes,  
 The song that never closes,  
 With praises to his name.

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HYMN CXXIV.—*Gods free grace is always  
 nigh.*

1 **G**ODS free grace is always nigh,  
 Full for every season,  
 All distresses then lay by,  
 Anxiety is treason !  
 Nothing ought to cast you down,  
 Nothing ought to grieve you,  
 Christ is willing to be known—  
 Willing to relieve you.

2 Christ, by faith, sometimes I see,  
 Who kindly doth relieve me,  
 But my doubts return again,  
 Which do sorely grieve me,

- Troubled like the restless seas,  
Feeble, faint and fearful,  
Plagu'd with such a sore disease,  
How can I be cheerful.
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore,  
In the gloomy garden,  
Sweating blood thro' every pore,  
To procure your pardon.  
See he suffers this for thee,  
Therefore come relying,  
See him stretch'd upon the tree,  
Bleeding, groaning, dying.
- 4 Precious God, by faith I see,  
That JESUS, is my Saviour  
Hallelujah ! glory be,  
To his name forever.  
I feel his love, I taste his grace,  
My heart is fill'd with Heaven !  
In my Saviour's smiling face,  
Such glorious views are given.
- 5 Brothers do you feel the flame,  
Sisters do you love him,  
Let us join to praise his name,  
Let us never grieve him.  
Soon we'll go to feast above,  
Soon we'll be in Heaven,  
There we'll swim in seas of love,  
And forever praise him.
-

HYMN CXXV.—*EXPERIENCE*

- 1 **C**OME Brethren and rejoice with me,  
For Jesus Christ hath made me free,  
From that which did defile my heart,  
And made me from my God depart.  
When I by faith believ'd in him,  
He fill'd my soul up to the brim,  
With streams of love and grace divine,  
And prov'd the promises are mine.
- 2 How sweet the grace how good to me,  
O that mankind would all be free,  
I was much plagu'd with outward sin,  
But more with that which dwelt within,  
Which always bar'd my Saviour out,  
And kept me in distress and doubt,  
But all my fears are driv'n away,  
By brilliancy of gospel day.
- 3 Which shines so clear, I must believe,  
That I do in my Saviour live,  
A life of love and heav'n below,  
I've not a doubt it must be so ;  
Come Brethren all whose joys abound,  
By hearing precious Gospel sound,  
Cheer up your hearts firmly believe,  
And Sanctifying grace receive.
- 4 And tho' your race is not quite run,  
You feel your heav'n on earth begun ;  
Then let us raise an holy song,  
And praise him as we go along,  
To joys above where we shall be,  
Happy in blest Eternity ;  
We're happy now in clods of clay,  
But what is this to endless day !

- 5 There glory blazes all around,  
There grief and pain can ne'er be found,  
How happy we shall be to say,  
In Christ we did both watch and pray ;  
And kept our garments clean and white,  
Prepar'd to dwell with saints in light,  
'Then fill'd with joy our souls shall see,  
And praise our God eternally.
- 

HYMN CXXVI.—*Wesley's Music.*

- 1 **E**NLISTED in the cause of sin,  
Why should a good be evil ?  
Music, alas ! too long has been,  
Press'd to obey the Devil ;  
Drunken, or lew'd, or light thy lay  
Flows to the Soul's undoing,  
Widens and strews with flow'rs the way  
Down to eternal ruin.
- 2 Who on the part of God will rise ?  
Innocent mirth recover ;  
Fly on the prey and take the prize,  
Plunder the carnal lover ?  
Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,  
Ev'ry melting measure,  
Music in virtue's cause retain  
Rescue the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come let us try if Jesus's love  
Cannot as well inspire us ;  
This is the theme of those above,  
This upon earth will fire us :  
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing ;

Is there a subject greater ?  
Melody all its strains may bring,  
Jesus's love is sweeter.

- 4 Jesus the soul of music is  
He is the noblest passion ;  
Jesus's name is life and peace,  
Happiness and Salvation ;  
Jesus's name the dead can raise,  
Shew us our Sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the life of Grace,  
And carry us up to heaven.
- 5 Who hath a right like us to sing,  
Us, who his mercy raises !  
Merry our hearts for Christ is King,  
Joyful are all our faces.  
Who of his love doth once partake,  
He in the Lord rejoices ;  
Melody in our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.
- 6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,  
He that in God is merry ;  
Let him sing Psalms the Scripture saith,  
Joyful and never weary ;  
Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
Hearty and never ceasing ;  
Spiritual Songs and Anthems raise,  
Worship and thanks and blessing.
- 7 Come let us in his praises join ;  
Triumph in his Salvation ;  
Glory ascribe to love divine,  
Worship and adoration ;  
Heaven already is begun,

Open'd in each believer ;  
Only believe and then sing on,  
And heav'n is yours forever.

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HYMN CXXVII.—*The happy sick Man.*

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,  
Lie just before mine eye ;  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd to those rivers fly.  
I'd rise superior to my pain,  
With joy outstrip the wind ;  
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'd here below,  
In anguish, pain and smart ;  
Oft times those troubles I forego,  
When love surrounds my heart.  
In darkest shadows of the night,  
Faith mounts the upper sky ;  
I then behold my hearts delight,  
And would rejoice to die.

3 I view the monster death and smile,  
Now he has lost his sting ;  
Tho' Satan rages all the while,  
I still the triumph sing.  
I hold my Saviour in my arms,  
And will not let him go ;  
I'm so delighted with his charms,  
No other good I'll know.



- 4 A few more days or years at most,  
My troubles will be o'er :  
I hope to join the heav'nly host,  
On Canaan's happy shore.  
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast,  
In love's unbounded sea ;  
The glorious hope of endless rest,  
Brings pleasing views to me.
- 5 Oh! come my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me through the sky ;  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,  
Make haste and bring it nigh.  
I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine :  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be forever thine.
- 6 Then I will tune my harp of gold,  
To my eternal king ;  
Thro' ages that can ne'er be told,  
I'll make his praises ring.  
All hail ! eternal Son of God,  
Who di'd on Calvary ;  
And sav'd me with his precious blood,  
From endless misery.
- 7 Ten thousand, thousand join in one,  
To praise th' eternal three ;  
Prostrate before the blazing throne,  
In deep humility.  
They rise and tune their harps of gold,  
And sweep the immortal lyre ;  
And ages that can ne'er be told,  
Shall raise thy praises higher.

One of the revival song  
books following the  
Tenness revival of 1800  
(Bt in 1813)

See title of 16y xxx1-  
No 39 by Mrs Sarah Jones  
41 according to you  
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